THE CONSTANT COUPLE: OR, A Trip to the Jubilee.

A COMEDY.

Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE,

By His MAJESTY's Servants.

The *Fourth Edition*, with a New SCENE Added to the PART of *Widdair*, and a New *PROLOGUE*.

By Mr. *GEORGE FARQUHAR*.

Sive favore tuli, sive hanc ego carmine famam
Juvo tibi gratus, candide lector, ero.
Ovid. Trist. Lib. 2. Eleg. 10.

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To the HONOURABLE

Sir ROGER MOSTYN, Bar.t

OF

Mostyn-Hall in *Flintsh.re.*

SIR,

'TIS no small Reflection on Pieces of this Nature, that Panegyrick is so much improv'd, and that Dedication is grown more an Art than Poetry; that Authors, to make their Patrons more than Men, make themselves less; and that Persons of Honour are forc'd to decline patronizing Wit, because their Modesty cannot bear the gross Strokes of Adulation.

But give me leave to say, Sir, that I am too young an Author to have learnt the Art of Flattery; and I hope, the same Modesty which recommended this *Play* to the World, will also reconcile my Addresses to You, of whom I can say nothing but what your *Merits* may warrant,

and all that have the Honour of your Acquaintance will be proud to vindicate.

The greatest *Panegyrick* upon you, SIR, is the unprejudic'd and bare Truth of Your Character; the Fire of Youth, with the *Sedateness* of a *Senator*, and the *Modern Gaity* of a fine *English* Gentleman, with the Noble *Solidity* of the Ancient *Britton*.

This is the Character, SIR, which all *Men*, but your Self, are proud to publish of You, and which more celebrated *Pens* than mine should transmit to Posterity.

The *Play* has had some Noble Appearances to honour its *Representation*; and to compleat the *Success*, I have presum'd to prefix so Noble a Name to usher it into the World. A stately *Frontispiece* is the Beauty of a Building. But here I must transverse *Ovid*:

Materia superabit Opus.

I am, Honourable SIR,

Your most Devoted, and

Humble Servant,

GEO. FARQUHAR.

PREFACE TO THE READER.

AN affected Modesty is very often the greatest Vanity, and Authors are sometimes prouder of their Blushes than of the Praises that occasion'd them. I shun't therefore, like a foolish Virgin fly to be pursu'd, and deny what I chiefly wish for. I am very willing to acknowledge the Beauties of this Play, especially those of the Third Night, which not to be Proud of, were the height of Impudence: Who is asham'd to value himself upon such Favours, undervalues those who conferr'd them.

As I freely submit to the Criticisms of the Judicious, so I cannot call this an Ill Play, since the Town has allow'd it such Success. When they have pardon'd my Faults, 'twere very Ill Manners to condemn their Indulgence. Some may think (my Acquaintance in Town being too slender to make a Party for the Play) that the Success must be deriv'd from the pure Merits

Merits of the Cause. I am of another Opinion: I have not been long enough in Town to raise Enemies against me; and the English *are still kind to Strangers. I am below the Envy of great Wits, and above the Malice of little ones. I have not displeas'd the Ladies, nor offended the Clergy; both which are now pleas'd to say, that a* Comedy *may be diverting without Smut and Profaneness.*

Next to these Advantages, the Beauties of Action gave the greatest Life to the Play; *of which the Town is so sensible, that all will joyn with me in Commendation of the Actors, and also (without detracting from the Merit of others) that the* Theatre-Royal *affords an Excellent and Compleat* Set of Comedians. *Mr.* Wilks's *Performance has set him so far above Competition in the* Part *of* Wildair, *that none can pretend to envy the Praise due to his Merit. That he made the* Part, *will appear from hence, that whenever the Stage has the Misfortune to lose him,* Sir Harry Wildair *may go to the* Jubilee.

A great many quarrel at the Trip to the Jubilee *for a* Midsummer: *I must tell them, That perhaps there are greater* Trips *in the* Play; *and when I find that more exact* Plays *have had better Success, I'll talk with the* Criticks *about* Decorums, *&c. However, if I ever commit another Fault of this Nature, I'll endeavour to make it more Excusable.*

PRO-

PROLOGUE. By a Friend.

POETS *will think nothing so checks their Fury,*
As Wits, Cits, Beaux, *and* Women *for their* JURY.
Our Spark's half dead to think what Madly's come,
With blended Judgments to pronounce his Doom.
'Tis all false Fear; for, in a mingled Pit,
Why, what your grave Don thinks but dully writ,
His Neighbour i'th' Great Wig may take for Wit.
Some Authors *court the Few, the Wise, if any;*
Our Youth's *content, if he can reach the Many;*
Who go, with much-like Ends to Church, *and* Play,
Not to observe what Priests *or* Poets *say,*
No! no! your Thoughts, like theirs, lie quite another way.
The Ladies *safe may smile: for here's no Slander,*
No Smut, no Lew'd-tongu'd Beau, *no double Entendre.*
'Tis true, he has a Spark just come from France:
But then so far from Beau——*why he talks Sense!*
Like Coin oft carried out, but——seldom brought from thence.
There's yet a Gang, to whom our Spark submits,
Your Elbow-shaking Fool, that lives by's Wits,
That's only Witty, tho', just as he loves, by Fits.
Who, Lion-like, *through Bayliffs, scours away,*
Hunts, in the Face, a Dinner all the Day:
At Night, with empty Bowels, Grumbles o'er the PLAY.
And now the Modish Prentice *he inspires,*
Who, with his Master's Cash, flou'nt out of Doors,
Employs it on a Brace of——Honourable Whores;
While their good Bully Mother, pleas'd, sits by,
Bawd-Regent of the Bubble Gallery.
Next, to our wounted Friends, we humbly move,
Who, all your Side-box Tricks, are much above,
And never fail to Pay us——with their Love.

Ah

PROLOGUE.

Ah Friends! *Poor* Dorset-*Garden House is gone:*
Our Merry-Meetings there are all undone.
Quite loft to us, fure for fome ſtrange Miſchance,
That ſtrong Dog Sampſon's *pull'd it o're our Heads;*
Snaps Rope *like* Thread; *but when his* Fortune's *told him,*
He'll hear, perhaps, of ROPE, *will one Day hold him:*
At leaſt, I hope, that our Good-natur'd Town,
Will find a way to pull his Prizes down.
Well, that's all! Now, Gentlemen, for the PLAY,
On ſecond Thoughts, I've but two Words to ſay;
Such as it is, for your Delight, deſign'd:
Hear it, Read, Try, Judge, and Speak as you find.

A New PROLOGUE,

In ANSWER to my very Good Friend, Mr. *Oldmixon*; who, having Two *PLAYS* Damn'd at the *Old Houſe*, had a Mind to Curry Favour, to have a Third Damn'd at the *New*.

'TIS hard, the Author of this PLAY *in view,*
Shou'd be Condemn'd, purely for pleaſing you:
Charg'd with a Crime, *which you, his Judges, own*
Was only this, that he has Pleas'd the Town.
He touch'd no POET's Verſe, *nor* DOCTOR's Bills;
No Foe to B——te, *yet a Friend to* Wills.
No Reputation Stab'd, *by ſow'r Debate;*
Nor had a Hand in Bankrupt Briſcoe's Fate:
And, as an Eaſe to's Tender Conſcience, *vows,*
He's none of thoſe that Broke the t'other Houſe:
In perfect Pity to their Wretched Cheer,
Becauſe his PLAY *was Bad——he brought it here.*

The

PROLOGUE.

The dreadful Sin of Murther *cries aloud;*
And sure those Poets ne'er can hope for Good,
Who dipp'd their Barbarous Pens in that poor House's Blood.
'Twas Malice all: No Malice like to Theirs,
To Write Good PLAYS, *purpose to Starve the* Players.
To Starve by's Wit, is fill the Poet's due;
But, here are Men, whose Wit, *is match'd by few;*
Their Wit *both Starves themselves, and others too.*
Our PLAYS *are* Farce, *because our House is Cramp'd;*
Their PLAYS *all Good: For what?...because they're Damn'd.*
Because we please you, you call us Fools;
And 'cause you please your selves, they call you Fools.
By their Good Nature, they are Wits *True Blue;*
And, Men of Breeding, by their Respects to you.
To engage the Fair, all other Means being lost,
They fright the Boxes *with Old* Shakespear's GHOST:
The Ladies *of such Spectres, should take heed;*
For, 'twas the DEVIL *did Raise that Ghost indeed.*
Their Case is hard, that such Despair can show;
They've disoblig'd all Powers Above, they know;
And now must have Recourse to Powers Below.
Let Shakespear *then lie still,* Ghosts *do no good;*
The Fair *are better pleas'd with Flesh and Blood:*
What is't to them, to mind the Antient Taste?
But, the Poor Folks are Mad, and I'm in Haste.

[Runs off.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

Sir *Harry Wildair.*	An Airy Gentleman affecting humourous Gaiety, and Freedom, in his Behaviour.	Mr. *Wilks.*
Standard.	A Disbanded Colonel, Brave and Generous.	Mr. *Powel.*
Vizard.	Outwardly Pious, otherwise a great Debauchee, and Villanous.	Mr. *Mills.*
Smuggler.	An old Merchant.	Mr. *Johnson.*
Clincher.	A pert *London* Prentice turn'd Beau, and affecting Travel.	Mr. *Pinkethman.*
Clincher, jun.	His Brother, Educated in the Country.	Mr. *Bullock.*
Dicky, his Man.		Mr. *Norris.*
Tom. Errand, a Porter.		Mr. *Hains.*

WOMEN.

Lurewell.	A Lady of a Jilting Temper proceeding from a Resentment of her Wrongs from Men.	Mrs. *Verbruggen.*
Lady *Darling.*	An Old Lady, Mother to *Angelica.*	Mrs *Powell.*
Angelica.	A Woman of Honour.	Mrs. *Rogers.*
Parly.	Maid to *Lurewell.*	Mrs. *Moor.*

Constable, Mob, Porter's Wife, Servants, *&c.*

SCENE, *London.*

THE

THE
Conſtant Couple.

ACT. I.

SCENE. *The PARK.*

Enter Vizard *with a Letter,* Servant *following.*

Vizard. ANGELICA ſend it back unopen'd! ſay you?

Servant. As you ſee, Sir.

Viz. The Pride of theſe Virtuous Women is more inſufferable, than the Immodeſty of Proſtitutes——After all my Encouragement, to ſlight me thus!

Serv. She ſaid, Sir, That imagining your Morals ſincere, ſhe gave you Acceſs to her Converſation; but that your late Behaviour in her Company has convinc'd her that your Love and Religion are both Hypocriſy, and that ſhe believes your Letter like your ſelf, fair on the out-ſide, foul within; ſo ſent it back unopen'd.

Viz. May Obſtinacy guard her Beauty till Wrinkles bury it, then may Deſire prevail to make her curſe that untimely Pride her diſappointed Age repents——I'll

be reveng'd the very firſt Opportunity——Saw you the old Lady *Darling*, her Mother?

Serv. Yes, Sir, and ſhe was pleas'd to ſay much in your Commendation.

Viz. That's my Cue —— An Eſteem grafted in old Age is hardly rooted out. Years ſtiffen their Opinions with their Bodies, and old Zeal is only to be cozen'd by young Hypocriſy——Run to the Lady *Lurewell*'s, and know of her Maid, whether her Ladyſhip will be at home this Evening; her Beauty is ſufficient Cure for *Angelica*'s Scorn. [*Exit Servant.*

(Viz. *Pulls out a Book, Reads, and Walks about.*)

Enter Smuggler.

Smug. Ay, there's a Pattern for the young Men o'th' Times, at his *Meditation* ſo early; ſome Book of Pious Ejaculations, I'm ſure.

Viz. This *Hobbs* is an excellent Fellow! (*aſide.*) O Uncle *Smuggler!* to find you at this End o'th' Town is a Miracle.

Smug. I have ſeen a Miracle this Morning indeed, Couſin *Vizard.*

Viz. What was it, pray Sir?

Smug. A Man at his Devotion ſo near the Court—— I'm very glad Boy, that you keep your Sanctity untainted in this infectious Place; the very Air of this Park is heatheniſh, and every Man's Breath I meet, ſcents of Atheiſm.

Viz. Surely, Sir, ſome great Concern muſt bring you to this unſanctified End of the Town.

Smug. A very unſanctify'd Concern, truly Couſin.

Viz. What is't?

Smug. A Law-Suit, Boy —— Shall I tell you?——My Ship the *Swan* is newly arriv'd from St. *Sebaſtians*, laden with *Portugal* Wines: Now the impudent Rogue of a Tide-waiter has the Face to affirm, 'tis *French* Wines in *Spaniſh* Casks, and has Indicted me upon the *Statute*——O Conſcience, Conſcience! theſe Tide-waiters and Surveyors plague us more with their *French* Wines, than the War did with the *French Privateers*——Ay, there's another Plague of the Nation—— *Enter*

Enter Colonel Standard.

A Red Coat and Feather.

Viz. Col. *Standard*, I'm your humble Servant.

Stand. May be not, Sir.

Viz. Why ſo?

Stand. Becauſe——I'm Disbanded.

Viz. How? Broke!

Stand. This very Morning, in *Hide-Park*, my brave Regiment, a Thouſand Men, that look'd like Lions Yeſterday, were ſcatter'd, and look'd as poor and ſimple as the Herd of Deer that graz'd beſide 'em.

Smug. Tal, al, deral (*Singing*) I'll have a Bonfire this Night as high as the Monument.

Stand. A Bonfire! thou dry, wither'd, ill Nature; had not theſe brave Fellows Swords defended you, your Houſe had been a Bonfire e'er this about your Ears—— Did we not venture our Lives, Sir?

Smug. And did we not pay for your Lives, Sir?—— Venture your Lives! I'm ſure we ventur'd our Money, and that's Life and Soul to me——Sir, we'll maintain you no longer.

Stand. Then your Wives ſhall, old *Affem:* There are Five and Thirty Strapping Officers gone this Morning to live upon free Quarters in the City.

Smug. O Lord! O Lord! I ſhall have a Son within theſe Nine Months born with a Leading Staff in his Hand——Sir, you are——

Stand. What, Sir?

Smug. Sir, I ſay that you are——

Stand. What, Sir?

Smug. Disbanded, Sir, that's all——I ſee my Lawyer yonder. [*Exit.*

Viz. Sir, I'm very ſorry for your Misfortune.

Stand. Why ſo? I don't come to Borrow Money of you; if you're my Friend, meet me this Evening at the *Rummer*, I'll pay my Way, drink a Health to my King, Proſperity to my Country; and away for *Hungary* To-Morrow Morning.

Viz. What! you won't leave us?

Stand. What! a Soldier ſtay here! to look like an Old Pair of Colours in *Weſtminſter-Hall*, ragged and ruſty! No, no——I met Yeſterday a broken Lieutenant; he was aſham'd to own that he wanted a Dinner, but Begg'd Eighteen-pence of me to buy a New Sheath for his Sword.

Viz. O, but you have good Friends, Colonel!

Stan. O, very good Friends! my Father's a Lord, and my Elder Brother a Beau.

Viz. But your Country may perhaps want your Sword again.

Stand. Nay, for that Matter, let but a ſingle Drum beat up for Volunteers between *Ludgate* and *Charing-Croſs*, and I ſhall undoubtedly hear it at the Walls of *Buda*.

Viz. Come, come, Colonel, there are ways of making your Fortune at Home——Make your Addreſſes to the Fair, you're a *Man of Honour* and Courage.

Stand. Ay, my Courage is like to do me wondrous Service with the Fair: This pretty croſs Cut over my Eye will attract a Dutcheſs——I warrant 'twill be a mighty Grace to my Ogling——Had I us'd the Stratagem of a certain Brother Colonel of mine, I might ſucceed.

Viz. What was it, pray?

Stand. Why, to ſave his pretty Face for the Women, he always turn'd his Back upon the Enemy——He was a Man of Honour for the Ladies.

Viz. Come, come, the Loves of *Mars* and *Venus* will never fail, you muſt get a *Miſtreſs*.

Stand. Prithee, no more on't——You have awaken'd a Thought, from which, and the Kingdom, I wou'd have ſtoln away at once——To be plain, I have a *Miſtreſs*.

Viz. And ſhe's cruel.

Stand. No.

Viz. Her Parents prevent your Happineſs?

Stand. Nor that.

Viz. Then ſhe has no Fortune?

Stand.

Stand. A large one, Beauty to tempt all Mankind, and Virtue to beat off their Assaults. O *Vizard!* such a Creature! ——Hey day! Who the Devil have we here?

Viz. The Joy of the Play-house, and Life of the Park. (*Enter Sir* Harry Wildair, *crosses the Stage singing, with Footmen after him.*) Sir *Harry Wildair* newly come from *Paris?*

Stand. Sir *Harry Wildair!* Did not he make a Campaign in *Flanders* some Three or Four Years ago?

Viz. The same.

Stand. Why, he behav'd himself very bravely.

Viz. Why not? Do'st think Bravery and Gaiety are inconsistent? He's a Gentleman of most happy Circumstances, born to a plentiful Estate, has had a Genteel and easy Education, free from the Rigidness of Teachers, and Pedantry of Schools. His florid Constitution being never ruffled by Misfortune, nor stinted in its Pleasures, has render'd him entertaining to others, and easy to himself.——Turning all Passion into Gaiety of Humour, by which he chuses rather to rejoyce his Friends, than be hated by any; as you shall see.

Enter Wildair.

Wild. Ha! *Vizard!*

Viz. Sir *Harry!*

Wild. Who thought to find you out of the *Rubrick* so long? I thought thy Hypocrisy had been wedded to a Pulpit-Cushion long ago——Sir, if I mistake not your Face, your Name is *Standard.*

Stand. Sir *Harry*, I'm your Humble Servant.

Wild. Come, Gentlemen, the News, the News o'th' Town; for I am just arriv'd.

Viz. Why, in the City-End o'th' Town, we're playing the Knave to get Estates.

Stand. And, in the Court-End, playing the Fool in spending 'em.

Wild. Just so in *Paris*; I'm glad we're grown so *Modish.*

Viz. We are all so Reform'd, that Gallantry is taken for Vice.

Stand. And *Hypocrify* for *Religion.*

Wild. Alamode de Paris. Agen.

Viz. Not one Whore between *Ludgate* and *Aldgate.*

Stand. But ten-times more Cuckolds than ever.

Viz. Nothing like an Oath in the City.

Stand. That's a Miſtake; for my *Major* Swore a Hundred and Fifty laſt Night, to a *Merchant*'s Wife in her Bed-chamber.

Wild. P'ſhaw, this is Trifling; tell me News, Gentlemen. What Lord has lately broke his Fortune at the *Groom-porters?* Or his Heart at *New-Market*, for the Lois of a Race? What Wife has been lately Suing in *Doctors Commons* for *Alimony?* or, What Daughter run away with her Father's *Valet?* What Beau gave the nobleſt Ball at the *Bath*, or had the fineſt Coach in the Ring? I want News, Gentlemen.

Stand. Faith, Sir, theſe are no News at all.

Viz. But pray, Sir *Harry*, tell us ſome News of your Travels.

Wild. With all my Heart——You muſt know then, I went over to *Amſterdam* in a *Dutch* Ship; I there had a *Dutch* Whore for Five Stivers: I went from thence to *Landen*, where I was heartily drub'd in the Battle with the But-end of a *Swiſs*-Musket. I thence went to *Paris*, where I had half a Dozen Intrigues, bought half a Dozen New Suits, fought a Couple of Duels, and here I am again in *ſtatu quo.*

Viz. But we heard that you deſign'd to make the *Tour* of *Italy*; What brought you back ſo ſoon?

Wild. That which brought you into the World, and may, perhaps, carry you out of it; a Woman.

Stand. What! Quit the Pleaſures of Travel for a Woman!——

Wild. Ay, Colonel, for ſuch a Woman! I had rather ſee her *Ruell*, than the Palace of *Lewis le Grand:* There's more Glory in her Smile, than in the *Jubilee* at *Rome*; and I would rather kiſs her Hand than the *Pope's Toe.*

Viz. You, Colonel, have been very laviſh in the Beauty and Virtue of your *Miſtreſs*, and Sir *Harry* here has been

been no leſs Eloquent in the Praiſe of his: Now will I lay you both Ten Guineas a-piece, that neither of them is ſo Pretty, ſo Witty, or ſo Virtuous, as mine.

Stand. 'Tis done.

Wild. I'll double the Stakes ——a. But Gentlemen, now I think on't, How ſhall we be reſolv'd? For I know not where my *Miſtreſs* may be found; ſhe left *Paris* about a *Month* before me, and I had an Account——

Stand. How, Sir! Left *Paris* about a *Month* before you!

Wild. Ay! But I know not where, and perhaps may'nt find her this Fortnight.

Stand. Her Name, pray, Sir *Harry*.

Viz. Ay, ay! Her Name? Perhaps we know her.

Wild. Her Name! Ay, —— She has the ſofteſt, Whiteſt Hand, that ever was made of Fleſh and Blood; her Lips ſo Balmy Sweet.

Stand. But her Name, Sir?

Wild. Then her Neck and Breaſt; —— Her Breaſts do ſo heave, ſo heave. [*Singing.*

Viz. But her Name, Sir, her Quality?

Wild. Then her Shape, Colonel.

Stand. But her Name I want, Sir?

Wild. Then her Eyes, *Vizard.*

Stand. P'ſhaw, Sir *Harry*, her Name, or nothing?

Wild. Then, if you muſt have it, ſhe's call'd the Lady —— But then her Foot, Gentlemen, ſhe Dances to a *Miracle*. *Vizard*, you have certainly loſt your Wager.

Viz. Why you have loſt your Senſes; we ſhall never diſcover the Picture unleſs you ſubſcribe the Name.

Wild. Then her Name is *Lurewell.*

Stand. 'SDeath, My *Miſtreſs.* (*Aſide.*)

Viz. *My Miſtreſs*, by *Jupiter*! (*Aſide.*)

Wild. Do you know her, Gentlemen?

Stand. I have ſeen her, Sir.

Wild. Can'ſt tell where ſhe Lodges? Tell me, Dear Colonel.

Stand. Your Humble Servant, Sir. (*Exit* Stand.

Wild.

Wild. Nay, hold, Colonel, I'll follow you, and will know. (*Runs out.*

Viz. The Lady *Lurewell* his *Miſtreſs*! He Loves her. But ſhe loves me ——— But he's a Baronet, and I plain *Vizard*; he has Coach and Six, and I walk on foot; I was bred in *London*, and he in *Paris* ——— That very Circumſtance has murder'd me ——— Then ſome Stratagem muſt be laid to divert his Pretenſions.

Re-enter Wildair.

Wild. Prithee, *Dick*, What makes the Colonel ſo out of Humour?

Viz. Becauſe he's out of Pay, I ſuppoſe.

Wild. S'life that's true; I was beginning to miſtruſt ſome Rivalſhip in the Caſe.

Viz. And ſuppoſe there were, you know the Colonel can fight, Sir *Harry*.

Wild. Fight! P'ſhaw, but he can't dance, ha! We contend for a Woman, *Vizard*! S'life Man, if Ladies were to be gain'd by Sword and Piſtol only, What the Devil ſhould all the Beaux do?

Viz. I'll try him farther (*Aſide.*) But wou'd not you, Sir *Harry*, fight for this Woman you ſo admire?

Wild. Fight! Let me conſider. I love her, that's true —— but then I love honeſt Sir *Harry Wildair* better. The Lady *Lurewell* is divinely charming — right —— but then a Thruſt i'th' Guts, or a *Middleſex-Jury*, is as ugly as the Devil.

Viz. Ay, Sir *Harry!* 'Twere a dangerous Caſt for a Beau Baronet to be tried by a parcel of greaſy, grumbling, bartering Boobies, who wou'd hang you purely becauſe you're a Gentleman.

Wild. Ay! But on t'other Hand, I have Money enough to Bribe the Rogues with: So, upon mature Deliberation, I wou'd fight for her —— But no more of her. Prithee, *Vizard*, can't you recommend a Friend to a pretty *Miſtreſs* by the by, till I can find my own? You have ſtore I'm ſure; you cunning poaching Dogs make ſurer Game than we that Hunt open and fair. Prithee now, good *Vizard*.

Viz.

Viz. Let me Conſider a little——Now Love and Revenge inſpire my Politicks. (*Aſide.*

[*Pauſes, whilſt Sir* Harry *walks Singing.*

Wild. P'ſhaw! Thou'rt as long a ſtudying for a New *Miſtreſs*, as a Drawer is piercing a New Pipe.

Viz. I deſign a New Pipe for you, and wholeſome Wine; you'll therefore bear a little Expectation.

Wild. Ha! Say'ſt thou, dear *Vizard*?

Viz. A Girl of Sixteen, Sir *Harry*.

Wild. Now Sixteen Thouſand Bleſſings light on thee.

Viz. Pretty and Witty.

Wild. Ay, ay! But her Name, *Vizard*?

Viz. Her Name! Yes——ſhe has the ſofteſt whiteſt Hand that ever was made of Fleſh and Blood, her Lips ſo balmy ſweet.

Wild. Well, well! But where ſhall I find her, Man?

Viz. Find her——but then her Foot, Sir *Harry*: She Dances to a Miracle.

Wild. Prithee don't diſtract me.

Viz. Well then! You muſt know, that this Lady is the Curioſity and Ambition of the Town; her Name's *Angelica*. She that paſſes for her Mother is a private Bawd, and call'd the Lady *Darling*: She goes for a *Baronet's* Lady (no diſparagement to your Honour, Sir *Harry*) I aſſure you.

Wild. P'ſhaw, hang my Honour; But what Street, what Houſe?

Viz. Not ſo faſt, Sir *Harry*; you muſt have my Paſſport for your Admittance, and you'll find my Recommendation, in a Line or two, will procure you very Civil Entertainment; I ſuppoſe 20 or 30 Pieces, handſomely plac'd, will gain the Point; I'll enſure her Sound.

Wild. Thou deareſt Friend to a Man in Neceſſity——. Here, Sirrah, order my Coach about to St. *James's*, I'll walk a-croſs the Park. (*To his Servant.*

Enter Clincher *Senior.*

Clinch. Here, Sirrah, order my Coach about to St. *James's*, I'll walk a croſs the Park too——Mr. *Vizard*, your moſt Devoted——Sir, (to *Wildair*) I admire the Mode of your Shoulder-

Shoulder-knot; methinks it hangs very Emphatically, and carries an Air of Travel in it; your Sword-Knot too is moſt Ornamentally *Modiſh*, and bears a *Foreign Mein*. Gentlemen, my Brother is juſt arriv'd in Town, ſo that being upon the Wing to kiſs his Hands, I hope you'll pardon this abrupt Departure of, Gentlemen, your moſt Devoted, and moſt Faithful Humble Servant.

Wild. Prithee, doſt know him?

Viz. Know him! Why 'tis *Clincher*, who was Apprentice to my Uncle *Smuggler*, the *Merchant* in the City.

Wild. What makes him ſo Gay?

Viz. Why, he's in *Mourning* for his Father; the kind Old Man in *Hertfordſhire* t'other Day broke his Neck a Fox-Hunting; the Son, upon the News, has broke his Indentures, Whipp'd from behind the Counter into the Side-Box, Forſwears Merchandiſe, where he muſt live by Cheating; and Uſurps Gentility, where he may die by Raking. He keeps his Coach, and Liveries, *Brace of Geldings*, *Leaſh of Miſtreſſes*, talks of nothing but Wines, Intriegues, Plays, Faſhions, and *going to the Jubilee*.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha! How many Pound of Pulvil muſt the Fellow uſe in ſweetning himſelf from the Smell of Hops and Tobacco. Faugh——— I'my Conſcience methought like *Olivia*'s Lover, he ſtunk of *Thames-Street*. But now for *Angelica*, That's her Name: we'll to the Princeſſes Chocolate-Houſe, where you ſhall write my Paſsport. *Aloons.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *Lady* Lurewell's *Lodgings.*

Lurewell, *and her Maid* Parly.

Lure-well. PArly, my Pocket-Book —— let me ſee —— *Madrid*, *Venice*, *Paris*, *London*———. Ah, *London!* They may talk what they will of the hot Countries, but I find Love moſt fruitful under this Climate —— In a Month's ſpace have I gain'd——let me ſee, *Imprimis*, Colonel *Standard*.

Parly.

Parly. And how will your Ladyſhip manage him?

Lure. As all Soldiers ſhou'd be manag'd; he ſhall ſerve me till I gain my Ends, then I disband him.

Par. But he loves you, *Madam.*

Lure. Therefore I ſcorn him; I hate all that don't love me, and ſlight all that do: Would his whole deluding Sex admir'd me, thus wou'd I ſlight them all. My Virgin and Unwary Innocence was wrong'd by faithleſs Man. But now Glance Eyes, Plot Brain, Diſſemble Face, Lye Tongue, and be a ſecond *Eve* to Tempt, Seduce, and Damn the Treacherous Kind——Let me ſurvey my Captives——. The *Colonel* leads the Van. Next Mr. *Vizard*, he courts me out of the *Practice of Piety*, therefore is a Hypocrite: Then *Clincher*, he Adores me with *Orangery*, and is conſequently a Fool: Then my Old *Merchant*, Alderman *Smuggler*, he's a Compound of both——Out of which Medley of Lovers, if I don't make good Diverſion——What d'ye think *Parly*?

Parl. I think, Madam, I'm like to be very Virtuous in your Service, if you teach me all thoſe Tricks that you uſe to your Lovers.

Lure. You're a Fool, Child; obſerve this, that tho' a Woman Swear, Forſwear, Lie, Diſſemble, Back-bite, be Proud, Vain, Malicious, any Thing, if ſhe ſecures the Main Chance, ſhe's ſtill Virtuous, that's a Maxim.

Parl. I can't be perſwaded tho', Madam, but that you really lov'd Sir *Harry Wildair* in *Paris.*

Lure. Of all the Lovers I ever had, he was my greateſt Plague, for I cou'd never make him uneaſy; I left him involv'd in a Duel upon my Account, I long to know whether the Fop be kill'd or not.

Enter Standard.

O Lord, no ſooner talk of Killing, but the Soldier is Conjur'd up; you're upon hard Duty, Colonel, to ſerve your King, your Country, and a *Miſtreſs* too.

Stand. The latter, I muſt confeſs is the harder; for, in War, *Madam*, we can be relieved in our Duty: But, in Love, who wou'd take our Poſt is our Enemy: Emulation

lation in Glory is tranſporting, but Rivals here intolerable.

Lure. Thoſe that bear away the Prize in the Field, ſhould boaſt the ſame Succeſs in the Bed-chamber; and, I think, conſidering the Weakneſs of our Sex, we ſhould make thoſe our Companions who can be our Champions.

Stand. I once, *Madam*, hop'd the Honour of defending you from all Injuries, through a Title to your Lovely Perſon; but now my Love muſt attend my Fortune. This Commiſſion, *Madam*, was my Paſport to the Fair; adding a Nobleneſs to my Paſſion, it Stampt a Value on my Love; 'twas once the Life of Honour, but now its Hearſe; and, with it, muſt my Love be Bury'd.

Parl. What! Disbanded, Colonel?

Stand. Yes, Mrs. *Parly*.

Parl. Fough, the Nauſeous Fellow, he ſtinks of Poverty already. (*Aſide.*

Lure. His Misfortune troubles me, 'cauſe it may prevent my Deſigns. (*Aſide.*

Stand. I'll chuſe, *Madam*, rather to deſtroy my Paſſion by Abſence Abroad, than have it ſtarv'd at Home.

Lure. I'm ſorry, Sir, you have ſo mean an Opinion of my Affection, as to imagine it founded upon your Fortune. And to convince you of your Miſtake, here I Vow, by all that's Sacred, I own the ſame Affection now as before. Let it ſuffice, my Fortune is conſiderable.

Stand. No, *Madam*, no; I'll never be a Charge to her I love: The Man that ſells himſelf for Gold is the worſt of Proſtitutes.

Lure. Now were he any other Creature but a Man, I cou'd love him. (*Aſide.*

Stand. This only laſt Requeſt I make, that no Title recommend a Fool, Office introduce a Knave, nor a Coat a Coward, to my Place in your Affections; ſo farewell my Country, and adieu my Love. (*Exit.*

Lure.

Lure. Now the Devil take thee for being ſo Honourable: Here, *Parly*, call him back, I ſhall loſe half my Diverſion elſe. Now for a Trial of Skill. (*Re-enter* Colonel.) Sir, I hope you'll pardon my Curioſity; When do you take your Journey?

Stand. To Morrow Morning, early, *Madam.*

Lure. So ſuddenly! which way are you deſign'd to Travel?

Stand. That I can't yet reſolve on.

Lure. Pray, Sir, tell me; pray Sir, I intreat you; why are you ſo obſtinate?

Stand. Why are you ſo curious, Madam?

Lure. Becauſe——

Stand. What?

Lure. Becauſe, I, I,———

Stand. Becauſe! What, Madam?——Pray tell me.

Lure. Becauſe I deſign——to follow you. (*Crying.*

Stand. Follow me! by all that's Great! I ne'er was Proud before; but Love from ſuch a Creature might ſwell the Vanity of the proudeſt Prince. Follow me! By Heavens thou ſhalt not. What! expoſe thee to the Hazards of a Camp——Rather I'll ſtay, and here bear the Contempt of Fools, and worſt of Fortune.

Lure. We need not, ſhall not; my Eſtate for both is ſufficient.

Stand. Thy Eſtate! no, I'll turn a Knave, and Purchaſe one my ſelf! I'll Cringe to that proud Man I Undermine, and Fawn on him that I wou'd Bite to Death: I'll tip my Tongue with Flattery, and ſmooth my Face with Smiles: I'll turn Pimp, Informer, Office-broker, nay, Coward, to be Great; and ſacrifice it all to thee, my Generous Fair.

Lure. And I'll Diſſemble, Lye, Swear, Jilt, any Thing but I'll Reward thy Love, and Recompence thy Noble Paſſion.

Stand. Sir *Harry*, Ha! ha! ha! Poor Sir *Harry*; Ha! ha, ha. Rather kiſs her Hand than the *Pope*'s Toe. Ha, ha, ha.

Lure. What Sir *Harry?* Colonel, What Sir *Harry?*

Stand. Sir *Harry Wildair*, Madam——

Lure. What! Is he come over?

Stand. Ay, and he told me——but I don't believe a Syllable on't.

Lure. What did he tell you?

Stand. Only call'd you his *Miſtreſs*, and pretending to be extravagant in your Commendation, would vainly inſinuate the Praiſe of his own Judgment and Good Fortune in a Choice——

Lure. How eaſily is the Vanity of Fops tickled by our Sex!

Stand. Why, your Sex is the Vanity of Fops.

Lure. O' my Conſcience, I believe ſo. This Gentleman, becauſe he Danc'd well, I pitch'd on for a Partner at a Ball in *Paris*, and ever ſince he has ſo perſecuted me with Letters, Songs, Dances, Serenading, Flattery, Foppery, and Noiſe, that I was forc'd to fly the Kingdom——And I warrant you he made you Jealous.

Stand. Faith, *Madam*, I was a little uneaſy.

Lure. You ſhall have a plentiful Revenge, I'll ſend him back all his Fooliſh Letters, Songs and Verſes, and you your ſelf ſhall carry 'em; 'twill afford you Opportunity of Triumphing, and free me from his farther Impertinence; for of all Men, he's my Averſion. I'll run and fetch them inſtantly.

Stand. Dear, *Madam*, a rare Project. How ſhall I bait him, like *Actæon* with his own Dogs——Well, Mrs. *Parley*, 'tis order'd, by *Act of Parliament*, that you receive no more Pieces, Mrs. *Parley*——

Parl. 'Tis Provided, by the ſame *Act*, that you ſend no more *Meſſages* by me, good Colonel; you muſt not pretend to ſend any more Letters, unleſs you can Pay the Poſtage.

Stand. Come, come! don't be Mercenary, take Example by your Lady, be Honourable.

Parl. Alack a day, Sir. It ſhows as Ridiculous and Haughty for us to imitate our Betters in their Honour, as

as in their Finery; leave Honour to Nobility that can ſupport it: We, Poor Folks, Colonel, have no Pretence to't; and truly, I think, Sir, that your Honour ſhou'd be Caſhier'd with your Leading-Staff.

Stand. 'Tis one of the greateſt Curſes of Poverty, to be the Jeſt of Chamber-maids.

Enter Lurewell.

Lure. Here's the *Packet*, Colonel, the whole *Magazine* of *Loves Artillery.* (*Gives him the* Packet.

Stand. Which, ſince I have gain'd, I will Turn upon the Enemy. *Madam*, I'll bring you the News of my Victory this Evening. Poor Sir *Harry:* Ha, ha, ha. [*Exit.*

Lure. To the Right About, as you were; March, Colonel. Ha, ha, ha.

Vain Man, who boaſts of ſtudy'd Parts and Wiles;
Nature, in us, your deepeſt Art beguiles,
Stamping deep Cunning in our Frowns and Smiles.
You Toil for Art, your Intellects you trace;
Woman, without a Thought, bears Policy in her Face.

ACT. II.

SCENE, Clincher *Junior*'s *Lodgings.*

Enter Clincher *opening a Letter,* Servant *following.*

Clin. ——Reads. Dear Brother;

I *Will ſee you preſently. I have ſent this Lad to wait on you, he can Inſtruct you in the Faſhions of the Town. I am your Affectionate Brother,* Clincher.

Very well; And what's your Name, Sir,

Dick. My Name is *Dicky*, Sir.

Clin. Dicky!

Dick. Ay, *Dicky*, Sir.

Clin. Very well; a pretty Name! And what can you do, Mr. *Dicky?*

Dick. Why, Sir, I can Powder a Wig, and Pick up a Whore.

Clin. O Lord! O Lord! a Whore! Why are there many Whores in this Town?

Dic. Ha, ha, ha, many Whores! there's a Queſtion, indeed; why, Sir, there are above Five Hundred Surgeons in Town—— Harkee, Sir, do you ſee that Woman there in the Velvet Scarf, and Red Knots?

Clin. Ay, Sir; What then?

Dick. Why, ſhe ſhall be at your Service in Three Minutes, as I'm a Pimp.

Clin. O, *Jupiter Ammon!* why ſhe's a Gentlewoman.

Dick. A Gentlewoman! why ſo are all the Whores in Town, Sir.

Enter Clinoher *Senior.*

Clin. ſen. Brother, you'r welcome to *London!*

Clin. jun. I thought, Brother, you ow'd ſo much to the Memory of my Father, as to wear Mourning for his Death.

Clin. ſen. Why, ſo I do, Fool; I wear this becauſe I have the Eſtate, and you wear that, becauſe you have not the Eſtate. You have Cauſe to Mourn indeed, Brother. Well, Brother, I am glad to ſee, fare you well. (*Going.*

Clin. jun. Stay, ſtay, Brother; where are you going?

Clin. ſen. How natural 'tis for a Country Booby to ask Impertinent Queſtions. Harkee, Sir; Is not my Father Dead?

Clin. jun. Ay, ay, to my Sorrow.

Clin. ſen. No Matter for that, he is Dead. And am not I a young Powder'd Extravagant *Engliſh* Heir?

Clin.

Clin. jun. Very right Sir.

Clin. ſen. Why then, Sir, you may be ſure that I am going to the *Jubilee*, Sir.

Clin. jun. Jubilee! What's that?

Clin. ſen. Jubilee! Why the *Jubilee* is——Faith I don't know what it is.

Dick. Why the *Jubilee* is the ſame Thing with our *Lord-Mayor's-day* in the City; there will be *Pageants*, and *Squibbs*, and *Rare Shows*, and all that, Sir.

Clin. jun. And muſt you go ſo ſoon Brother?

Clin. ſen. Yes, Sir, for I muſt ſtay a Month in *Amſterdam*, to ſtudy *Poetry*.

Clin. jun. Then, I ſuppoſe, Brother, you Travel through *Muſcovy* to learn Faſhions. Don't you, Brother?

Clin. ſen. Brother! Prithee *Robin*, don't call me Brother; Sir, will do every jot as well.

Clin. jun. O *Jupiter Ammon!* Why ſo?

Clin ſen. Becauſe People will imagine that you have a Spight at me——But have you ſeen your Coufin *Angelica* yet, and her Mother, the Lady *Darling?*

Clin. jun. No: My Dancing-Maſter has not been with me yet. How ſhall I Salute them, Brother?

Clin. ſen. P'ſhaw, that's eaſy; 'tis only Two Scrapes, a Kiſs, and Your Humble Servant: I'll tell you more when I come from the *Jubilee*. Come along.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *Lady* Darling's *HOUSE.*

Enter Wildair *with a Letter.*

Wild. *The Light and Heat incorporate we lay;*
We bleſt the Night, and curſt the coming Day.

Well, if this Paper-kite Flies ſure, I'm ſecure of my Game——*Humph!* the prettieſt *Bordel* I have ſeen; a very ſtately genteel one (*Footmen croſs the*

Stage. Hey day! Equipage too! Now for a Bawd by the *Curtesy*, and a Whore with a *Coat of Arms* —— s'Death, I'm afraid I've mistaken the House.

Enter Lady Darling.

No; this must be the Bawd by her Bulk.

Darl. Your Business, pray Sir?

Wild. Pleasure, Madam.

Darl. Then, Sir, you have no Business here.

Wild. This Letter, Madam, will inform you further; Mr. *Vizard* sent it, with his Humble Service to your Ladyship.

Darl. How does my Cousin, Sir?

Wild. Ay, her Cousin too, that's right Procuress again.

Darl. Reads,

Madam——

EArnest *Inclination to serve* —— *Sir* Harry —— *Madam* —— *Court my Cousin* —— *Gentleman* —— *Fortune* —— *Your Ladyship's most Humble Servant,*

Vizard.

Sir, your Fortune and Quality are sufficient to recommend you any where, but what goes farther with me, is the Recommendation of so Sober a young Gentleman as my Cousin *Vizard*.

Wild. A Right *Sanctify'd Bawd* on my Word.

Darl. Sir *Harry*, your Conversation with Mr. *Vizard* argues you a Gentleman, free from the Loose and Vicious Carriage of the Town; I'll therefore call my Daughter.

Wild. Now go thy way for an Illustrious *Bawd* of *Babylon* —— She Dresses up a Sin so Religiously, that the Devil would hardly know it of his Making.

Re-enter

Re-enter Darling *with* Angelica.

Darl. Pray Daughter uſe him Civilly, ſuch Matches won't offer every Day. (*Exit.*

Wild. O all ye Powers of Love! An Angel! 'sDeath! What Money have I got in my Pocket? I can't offer her leſs than Twenty Guineas——and, by *Jupiter*, ſhe's worth a Hundred.

Angel. 'Tis he! The very ſame! And his Perſon agreeable as his Character, of good Humour—— Pray Heav'n his Silence proceed from Reſpect.

Wild. How Innocent ſhe looks? How wou'd that Modeſty adorn Virtue, when it makes even Vice look ſo Charming? — By Heav'n, there is ſuch a Commanding Innocence in her Looks, that I dare not Ask the Queſtion.

Angel. Now all the Charms of Real Love and feign'd Indifference aſſiſt me to engage his Heart, for mine is loſt already.

Wild. Madam——I, I——Zoons, I cannot ſpeak to her——But ſhe's a Whore, and I will——Madam, in ſhort, I, I——O Hypocriſy, Hypocriſy! What a Charming Sin art thou?

Angel. He is caught; now to ſecure my Conqueſt—— I thought, Sir, you had Buſineſs to impart.

Wild. Buſineſs to impart! How Nicely ſhe words it! Yes, Madam, Don't you, don't you love Singing Birds, Madam?

Angel. That's an odd Queſtion for a Lover——Yes, Sir.

Wild. Why then, Madam, here is a Neſt of the pretticſt Goldfinches that ever Chirpt in a Cage; Twenty young ones, I aſſure you, Madam.

Angel. Twenty young ones? What then, Sir?

Wild. Why then Madam, there are Twenty young ones—— s'Life, I think Twenty is pretty fair.

Angel. He's Mad ſure——Sir *Harry*, when you have learn'd more Wit and Manners, you ſhall be Welcome here again.

Wild. Wit and Manners! —— I Gad, now I conceive there is a great deal of *Wit and Manners* in Twenty Guineas——I'm ſure 'tis all the *Wit and Manners* I have about me at preſent. What ſhall I do? *Enter*

Enter Clincher *junior, and* Dicky.

What the Devil's here? another Couſin I warrant ye! Harkee, Sir, Can you lend me Ten or Twenty Guineas inſtantly, I'll Pay you Fifteen for them in three Hours upon my Honour.

Clin. jun. Theſe *London* Sparks are Plaguy Impudent! This Fellow, by his Wig, and Aſſurance, can be no leſs than a Courtier,

Dick. He's rather a Courtier by his Borrowing.

Clin. jun. Faith, Sir, I have not above Five Guineas about me.

Wild. What Buſineſs have your here, then Sir? For, to my Knowledge, Twenty won't be ſufficient.

Clin. jun. Sufficient! For what Sir?

Wild. What Sir? Why, for that Sir; What the Devil ſhould it be, Sir? I know your Buſineſs, notwithſtanding all your Gravity, Sir.

Clin. jun. My Buſineſs! Why my Couſin lives here.

Wild. I know your Couſin does live there, and Harcard's Couſin, and my Couſin, and every Body's Couſin ——Harkee, Sir, I ſhall return immediately, and if you offer to Touch her till I come back, I ſhall Cut your Throat, Raſcal. (*Exit.*

Clin. Why the Man's Mad ſure?

Dic. Mad, Sir? Ay, he's a Beau.

Clin. A Beau! What's that? Are all Mad-men Beaux?

Dic. No, Sir! But moſt Beaux are Mad-Men. But now for your Couſin; remember your Three Scrapes, a Kiſs, and your Humble Servant.

(Exeunt, *as into the Houſe.*

SCENE, *the Street.*

Enter Wildair; *Colonel following.*

Colonel. SIR *Harry*, Sir *Harry*.

Wild. I'm in haſte, Colonel: Beſides, if you're in no better Humour than when I parted with

you in the Park this Morning, your Company won't be very agreeable.

Stand. You'r a happy Man, Sir *Harry*, who are never out of Humour: Can nothing move your Gall, Sir *Harry*?

Wild. Nothing but Impoſſibilities, which are the ſame as nothing.

Stand. What Impoſſibilities?

Wild. The Reſurrection of my Father to Diſinherit me, or an Act of Parliament againſt Wenching. A Man of Eight Thouſand Pound *per Annum* to be vext! No, no; Anger and Spleen are Companions for Younger Brothers.

Stand. Suppoſe one call'd you Son of a Whore behind your Back.

Wild. Why then wou'd I call him Raſcal behind his Back, and ſo we're even.

Stand. But ſuppoſe you had loſt a Miſtreſs.

Wild. Why then wou'd I get another.

Stand. But ſuppoſe you were Diſcarded by the Woman you Love; that wou'd ſurely trouble you.

Wild. You're miſtaken, Colonel; my Love is neither Romantically Honourable, nor Meanly Mercenary, 'tis only a Pitch of Gratitude; while ſhe Loves me, I Love her; when ſhe deſiſts, the Obligation's void.

Stand. But to be miſtaken in your Opinion Sir, if the Lady *Lurewell* (only ſuppoſe it) had Diſcarded you—I ſay, only ſuppoſe it——and had ſent your Diſcharge by me.

Wild. P'ſhaw! That's another Impoſſibility.

Stand. Are you ſure of that?

Wild. Why 'twere a Soloeciſm in Nature; we're Finger and Thumb, Sir. She Dances with me, Sings with me, Plays with me, Swears with me, Lies with me.

Stand. How, Sir?

Wild. I mean in an Honourable way; that is, ſhe lies for me. In ſhort, we are as like one another as a Couple of Guineas.

Stand.

Stand. Now that I have rais'd you to the higheſt Pinnacle of Vanity, will I give you ſo Mortifying a Fall, as ſhall daſh your Hopes to Pieces——I pray your Honour to Peruſe theſe Papers. (*Gives him the Packet.*

Wild. What is't, the Muſter-Roll of your Regiment, Colonel?

Stand. No, No; 'tis a Liſt of your Forces in your laſt Love-Campaign; and, for your Comfort, all Diſbanded.

Wild. Prithee, good Metaphorical Colonel, What d'ye mean?

Stand. Read, Sir, Read; theſe are the *Sybils* Leaves that will unfold your Deſtiny.

Wild. So it be not a falſe Deed, to Cheat me of my Eſtate, what care I——[*opening the Packet*] *Humph!* my Hand! To the Lady *Lurewell*——What Devil haſt thou been Tampering with to Conjure up theſe Spirits?

Stand. A certain Familiar of your Acquaintance, Sir.

Wild. (*Reading*)——*Madam*, my Paſſion——ſo natural——your Beauty contending——Force of Charms——Mankind——Eternal Admirer *Wildair!* I never was aſham'd of my Name before.

Stand. What, Sir *Harry Wildair* out of Humour? Ha, ha, ha, poor Sir *Harry*; more Glory in her Smile, than in the Jubilee at *Rome*, ha, ha, ha; but then her Foot, Sir *Harry*, ſhe dances to a Miracle! ha, ha, ha: Fy, Sir *Harry*, a Man of your Parts write Letters not worth keeping! What ſay'ſt thou, my dear Knight Errant? Ha, ha, ha; you may go ſeek Adventures now indeed.

Wild. Sings——Let her wander, *&c.*

Stand. You are Jilted to ſome Tune, Sir, blown up with falſe Muſick, that's all.

Wild. Now why ſhould I be Angry that a Woman is a Woman? Since Inconſtancy and Falſhood are grounded in their Natures, How can they help it?

Stand. Then they muſt be grounded in your Nature; for you and ſhe are Finger and Thumb, Sir.

Wild. Here's a Copy of Verſes too: I muſt turn Poet in the Devil's Name——Stay——S'death, What's here?

This

This is her Hand——Oh the charming Characters! *My dear Wildair.* (*reading*) *That's I*——this Huff Bluff Colonel——*that's he*——is the rareſt Fool in Nature——*the Devil he is!* And as ſuch have I us'd him——*with all my heart, faith*——I had no better way of letting you know that I lodge in *Pall-Mall*, near the Holy Lamb——Colonel, I'm your Humble Servant.

Stand. Hold, Sir, you ſhan't go yet; I ha'nt deliver'd half my Meſſage.

Wild. Upon my Faith but you have, Colonel.

Stand. Well, well, own your Spleen, out with it; I know you're like to burſt.

Wild. I am ſo, by Gad; Ha, ha, ha.

(*Laugh and point at one another.*

Stand. Ay, with all my Heart; Ha, ha. Well, well, that's all forc'd, Sir *Harry.*

Wild. I was never better pleas'd in all my Life, by *Jupiter.*

Stand. Well, Sir *Harry*, 'tis Prudence to hide your Concern, when there's no help for't:—— But to be ſerious now, the Lady has ſent you back all your Papers there——I was ſo juſt as not to look upon 'em.

Wild. I am glad on't, Sir; for there were ſome Things that I would not have you ſee.

Stand. All this ſhe has done for my ſake; and I deſire you would decline any farther Pretenſions for your own ſake. So, honeſt, good-natur'd Sir *Harry*, I'm your Humble Servant. (*Exit.*

Wild. Ha, ha, ha, poor Colonel!—— O the Delight of an ingenious *Miſtreſs!* What a Life and Briskneſs it adds to an Amour, like the Loves of mighty *Jove*, ſtill ſuing in different Shapes. A *Legerdemain Miſtreſs*, who, *preſto, paſs*, and ſhe veniſh'd; then, *Hey*, in an Inſtant, in your Arms again.

(*Going.*

Enter Vizard.

Viz. Well met, Sir *Harry*; What News from the Iſland of *Love?*

Wild.

Wild. Faith we made but a Broken Voyage by your Card; but now I am bound for another Port: I told you the Colonel was my Rival.

Viz. The Colonel! Curs'd Misfortune! another! (*Aside.*

Wild. But the Civileſt in the World; he brought me Word where my *Miſtreſs* Lodges; the Story's too long to tell you now, for I muſt fly.

Viz. What! Have you given over all Thoughts of *Angelica?*

Wild. No, no; I'll think of her ſome other Time. But now for the Lady *Lurewell*; Wit and Beauty calls.

That Miſtreſs ne'er can pall her Lover's Joys,
Whoſe Wit can whet, when e'er her Beauty cloys.
Her little Amorous Frauds all Truths excel;
And make us happy, being deceiv'd ſo well. [*Exit.*

Viz. ſolus——The Colonel my Rival too! How ſhall I manage? There is but one way——him and the Knight will I ſet a Tilting, where one cuts t'other's Throat, and the Survivor's Hang'd: So there will be Two Rivals pretty decently diſpos'd of. Since Honour may oblige them to play the Fool, Why ſhould not Neceſſity engage me to play the Knave?

[*Exit.*

SCENE *Lurewell's Lodgings.*

Lurewell *and* Parly.

Lure. HAS my Servant brought me the Money from my Merchant?

Parl. No, Madam: He met Alderman *Smuggler* at *Charing-Croſs*, who has Promis'd to wait on you himſelf immediately.

Lure.

Lure. 'Tis odd, that this Old Rogue ſhou'd pretend to Love me, and at the ſame Time cheat me of my Money.

Parl. 'Tis well, Madam, if he don't cheat you of your Eſtate; for you ſay, the Writings are in his Hands.

Lure. But what Satisfaction can I get of him?

Enter Smuggler.

Mr. Alderman, your Servant: Have you brought me any Money, Sir?

Smug. Faith, Madam, Trading is very dead; what with paying the Taxes, raiſing the Cuſtoms, Loſſes at Sea Abroad, and maintaining our Wives at Home, the Bank is reduc'd very low.

Lure. Come, come, Sir, theſe Evaſions won't ſerve your Turn; I muſt have Money, Sir.——I hope you don't deſign to cheat me.

Smug. Cheat you, Madam, I have been an honeſt Citizen theſe Five and Thirty Years!

Lure. An honeſt Citizen! bear Witneſs, *Parly!* I ſhall Trap him in more Lies preſently——Come, Sir, tho' I'm a Woman, I can take a Courſe.

Smug. What Courſe, Madam? You'll go to Law, will ye? I can maintain a Suit of Law, be it Right or Wrong, theſe Forty Years. I'm ſure of that, thanks to the honeſt Practice of the Courts.

Lure. Sir, I'll Blaſt your Reputation, and ſo Ruin your Credit.

Smug. Blaſt my Reputation! He, he, he: Why I'm a *Religious Man*, Madam, I have been very Inſtrumental in the *Reformation of Manners*. Ruin my Credit! Ah, poor Woman: There is but one way, *Madam*,——— You have a ſweet Leering Eye.

Lure. You inſtrumental in the *Reformation!* How?

Smug. I whipt all the Whores, Cut and Long-Tail, out of the Pariſh——Ah that Leering Eye! *Then I Voted for pulling down the Play-Houſe:*——Ah that

Ogle, that Ogle!——— *Then my own Pious Example*——— Ah that Lip, that Lip.

Lure. Here's a Religious Rogue for you now!——— As I hope to be sav'd, I have a good Mind to beat the Old Monster.

Smug. Madam, I have brought you about a Hundred and Fifty Guinea's (a great deal of Money, as Times go) and———

Lure. Come, give it me.

Smug. Ah, that Hand, that Hand; that pretty soft, white——— I have brought it, you see: But the Condition of the Obligation is such, that whereas that leering Eye, that pouting Lip, that pretty soft Hand, that ———you understand me, you understand, I'm sure you do; you little Rogue———

Lure. Here's a Villain now, so Covetous, that he won't Wench upon his own Cost, but would Bribe me with my own Money. I will be reveng'd———Upon my Word, Mr. *Alderman*, you make me Blush; What d'ye mean, pray?

Smug. See here, *Madam*, (*Puts a Piece of Money in his Mouth*) *Buss and Guinea, buss and Guinea, Buss and Guinea.*

Lure. Well, Mr. *Alderman*, you have such pretty Yellow Teeth, and Green Gums, that I will, Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Smug. Will you, indeed? He, he, he, my little Coquet; and when, and where, and how?

Lure. 'Twill be a difficult Point, Sir, to secure both our Honours, you must therefore be Disguis'd, Mr. *Alderman.*

Smug. P'shaw! no Matter, I'm an Old Fornicator, I'm not half so Religious as I seem to be. You little Rogue, why I'm Disguis'd as I am; our *Sanctity* is all Outside and *Hypocrisy.*

Lure. No Man is seen to come into this House after Night fall; you must therefore sneak in, when 'tis dark, in Woman's Cloaths.

Smug.

Smug. I, gad ſo, cod ſo——I have a Suit a Purpoſe, my little Coquet, I love to be diſguis'd; I cod I make a very handſome Woman, I cod I do.

Enter Servant, whiſpers Lurewell.

Lure. Oh! Mr. Alderman, Shall I beg you to walk into next Room, here are ſome Strangers coming up.

Smug. Buſs and Guinea firſt, ah my little Coquet. [*Exit.*

Enter Wildair.

Wild. *My Life, my Soul, my all that Heaven can give.*

Lure. *Death's Life with thee; without thee, Death to live.*

Welcome, my dear Sir *Harry*, I ſee you got my Directions.

Wild. Directions! in the moſt charming manner; thou Dear *Matchiavel* of Intriegue.

Lure. Still brisk and airy I find, Sir *Harry*.

Wild. The Sight of you, *Madam*, exalts my Air, and makes Joy lighten in my Face.

Lure. I have a Thouſand Queſtions to ask you, Sir *Harry*, How d'ye like *France?*

Wild. Ah! eſt le plus beau pais du monde.

Lure. Then what made you leave it ſo ſoon?

Wild. Madam, Vous Voyez qui je vous ſuy partout.

Lure. O Monſieur, je vous ſuis fort obligee——But where's the Court now?

Wild. at *Mayli*, Madam.

Lure And where my Count *Le Valier?*

Wild. His Body's in the Church of *Noſtre-Dame*; I don't know where his Soul is.

Lure. What Diſeaſe did he dye of?

Wild. A *Duel*, Madam, I was his Doctor.

Lure. How d'ye mean?

Wild. As moſt Doctors do, I kill'd him.

Lure. En Cavalier, my dear Knight-Errant. well; And how? And how? What Intrigues, what Gallantries are carrying on in the *Beau Monde?*

Wild. I ſhould ask you that Queſtion, Madam, ſince your Ladyſhip makes the *Beau Monde* whereever you come.

Lure. Ah! Sir *Harry*, I've been almoſt ruin'd, peſter'd to Death here by the inceſſant Attacks of a mighty Colonel, he has Beſieg'd me as cloſe as our Army did *Namur*.

Wild. I hope your Ladyſhip did not Surrender tho'.

Lure. No, no; but was forc'd to Capitulate: But ſince you are come to Raiſe the Siege, we'll Dance, and Sing, and Laugh.

Wild. And Love, and Kiſs——— *Montrez moy votre Chambre.*

Lure. *Attande, Attande, en pen*———I remember, Sir *Harry*, you promis'd me in *Paris*, never to ask that impertinent Queſtion again.

Wild. P'ſhaw, Madam, that was above Two Months ago; beſides, Madam, Treaties made in *France* are never kept.

Lure. Wou'd you Marry me, Sir *Harry?*

Wild. Oh! *Le Marriage eſt une grand male*———but I will Marry you.

Lure. Your Word, Sir, is not to be rely'd on: if a Gentleman will forfeit his Honour in Dealings of Buſineſs, we may reaſonably ſuſpect his Fidelity in an Amour.

Wild. My Honour in Dealings of Buſineſs! why, Madam, I never had any Buſineſs in all my Life.

Lure. Yes, Sir *Harry*, I have heard a very odd Story, and am ſorry, that a Gentleman of your Figure, ſhould undergo the Scandal.

Wild. Out with it, Madam.

Lure. Why the Merchant, Sir, that tranſmitted your Bills of Exchange to you in *France*, complains of ſome Indirect and Diſhonourable Dealings.

Wild. Who, Old *Smuggler!*

Lure. Ay, ay; you know him, I find.

Wild.

Wild. I have no leſs than Reaſon, I think; why the Rogue has cheated me of above Five Hundred Pound within theſe Three Years.

Lure. 'Tis your Buſineſs then, to acquit your ſelf publickly, for he ſpreads the Scandal every where.

Wild. Acquit my ſelf publickly!——Here, Sirrah, my Coach, I'll drive inſtantly into the City, and Cane the Old Villain round the *Royal Exchange*; he ſhall run the Gantlet through a Thouſand Bruſh Beavers, and Formal Cravats.

Lure. Why he is in the Houſe now, Sir.

Wild. What, in this Houſe?

Lure. Ay, in the next Room.

Wild. Then, Sirrah, lend me your Cudgel.

Lure. Sir *Harry*, you won't raiſe a Diſturbance in my Houſe?

Wild. Diſturbance, Madam, no no; I'll beat him with the Temper of a Philoſopher; here, Mrs. *Parly*, ſhew me the Gentleman. [*Exit with* Parly.

Lure. Now ſhall I get the Old Monſter well Beaten, and Sir *Harry* peſter'd next Term with Bloodſheds, Batteries, Coſts and Damages, Sollicitors and Attornies; and if they don't teize him out of his good Humour, I'll never Plot again. [*Exit.*

SCENE *Changes to another Room in the ſame* HOUSE.

Enter Smuggler.

Smug. O This Damn'd Tide-water! A Ship and Cargo worth Five Thouſand Pound! why 'tis richly worth Five Hundred Perjuries.

Enter Wildair.

Wild. Dear Mr. *Alderman*, I'm your moſt devoted and humble Servant.

Smug. My beſt Friend, Sir *Harry*, you're welcome to *England.*

Wild. I'll aſſure you, Sir, there's not a Man in the King's Dominions I'm gladder to meet.

Smug. O Lord, Sir, you Travellers have the moſt obliging ways with you.

Wild. There is a Buſineſs, Mr. *Alderman*, fall'n out, which you may oblige me infinitely by——I am very ſorry that I'm forc'd to be troubleſome; but Neceſſity, Mr. *Alderman.*

Smug. Ay, Sir, as you ſay, Neceſſity—— But, upon my Word, Sir, I am very ſhort of Money at preſent; but——

Wild. That's not the Matter, Sir, I'm above an Obligation that way; but the Buſineſs is, I am reduc'd to an indiſpenſible Neceſſity of being oblig'd to you for a Beating——Here, take this Cudgel.

Smug. A Beating, Sir *Harry!* Ha, ha, ha, I beat a Knight Baronet! an *Alderman* turn Cudgel-Player; Ha, ha, ha.

Wild. Upon my Word, Sir, you muſt Beat me, or I'll Cudgel you; take your Choice.

Smug. P'ſhaw, p'ſhaw, you Jeſt.

Wild. Nay, 'tis as ſure as Fate; ſo, *Alderman*, I hope you'll pardon my Curioſity.

Smug. Curioſity! Duce take your Curioſity, Sir; What d'ye mean?

Wild. Nothing at all: I'm but in Jeſt, Sir.

Smug. O, I can take any Thing in Jeſt; but a Man might imagine by the Smartneſs of the Stroke, that you were in downright Earneſt.

Wild. Not in the leaſt, Sir, (*ſtrikes him,*) not in the leaſt, indeed, Sir.

Smug. Pray, good Sir, no more of your Jeſts, for they are the Bluntеſt Jeſts that I ever knew.

Wild. (*ſtrikes*) I heartily beg your Pardon with all my Heart, Sir.

Smug. Pardon, Sir; well Sir, that is Satisfaction enough from a Gentleman; but ſeriouſly now, if

you, pass any more of your Jests upon me, I shall grow angry.

Wild. I humbly beg your Permission to break one or two more. (*striking him.*

Smug. O Lord, Sir, you'll break my Bones: Are you Mad, Sir? Murder, Felony, Manslaughter.

(Wild. *knocks him down.*

Wild. Sir, I beg you Ten Thousand Pardons; but I am absolutely compell'd to't upon my Honour, Sir; nothing can be more averse to my Inclinations, than to Jest with my honest, dear, loving, obliging Friend, the *Alderman.*

(*Striking him all this while,* Smuggler *tumbles over and over, and shakes out his Pocket-Book on the Floor*; Lurewell *enters, takes it up.*)

Lure. The Old Rogue's Pocket-Book, this may be of use. (*Aside.*

O Lord, Sir *Harry*'s Murdering the poor old Man ——

Smug. O dear *Madam*, I was beaten in Jest, 'till I am murder'd in good Earnest.

Lure. Well, well! I'll bring you off *Senior*: *Frapez, Frapez.*

Smug. O for Charity's sake, Madam, Rescue a poor Citizen.

Lure. O you barbarous Man! Hold, hold, *Frapez plus rudement*: *Frapez.* I wonder you are not Asham'd, (*Holding* Wild.

A poor Reverend Honest Elder —— (*Helps* Smug. *up.*

It makes me Weep to see him in this Condition, poor Man! Now the Devil take you, Sir *Harry* —— for not Beating Him harder. Well, my Dear, you shall come at Night, and I'll make yon amends.

Smug. I will have Amends before I leave the Place: Sir: How durst you use me thus?

Wild. Sir? (*Here Sir* Harry *takes Snuff.*

Smug. Sir, I say, I will have Satisfaction.

Wild. With all my Heart. (*Throws Snuff into his Eyes.*

Smug. O, Murder, Blindness, Fire; O Madam, Madam, get me some Water. Water, Fire, Fire, Water.

(*Exit*

(*Exit with* Lurewell.

Wild. How pleaſant is reſenting an Injury without Buſſon? 'Tis the Beauty of Revenge.

Let Stateſmen Plot, and under Buſineſs groan;
And, ſettling Publick Quiet, loſe their own.
Let Soldiers Drudge and Fight for Pay or Fame;
But, when the're Shot, I think 'tis much the ſame.
Let Scholars vex their Brains with Mood and Tenſe,
And, Mad with Strength of Reaſon, Fools Commence;
Loſing their Wits in ſearching after Senſe:
Their Summum Bonum *they muſt toil to gain;*
And, ſeeking Pleaſure, ſpend their Life in Pain.
I make the moſt of Life, no hour miſpend;
Pleaſure's the Means, and Pleaſure is my End.
No Spleen, no Trouble ſhall my Time deſtroy.
Life's but a Span; I'll ev'ry Inch enjoy. (Exit.

ACT. III.

SCENE, *the Street.*

Enter Standard *and* Vizard.

Stand. I Bring him word where ſhe Lodg'd; I the Civileſt Rival in the World! 'tis impoſſible.

Viz. I ſhall urge it no further, Sir; I only thought, Sir, that my Character in the World might add Authority to my Words, without ſo many Repetitions.

Stand. Pardon me, Dear *Vizard*——Our Belief ſtruggles hard, before it can be brought to yield to the Diſadvantage of what we Love; 'tis ſo great an Abuſe to our Judgment, that it makes the Faults of our Choice our own Failing. But what ſaid Sir *Harry*?

Viz.

Viz. He pitied the Poor Credulous Colonel, laugh'd heartily, flew away with all the Raptures of a Bridegroom, repeating theſe Lines:

A Miſtreſs ne're can pall her Lover's Joys,
Whoſe Wit can whet when e're her Beauty cloys.

Stand. A Miſtreſs ne're can pall! By all my Wrongs he whores her! And I'm made their Property. Vengeance! *Vizard*, you muſt carry a Note from me to Sir *Harry*.

Viz. What! A Challenge! I hope you don't deſign to Fight.

Stand. What! wear the Livery of my King, and pocket an Affront! 'twere an Abuſe to His Sacred Majeſty; a Soldier's Sword, *Vizard*, ſhou'd ſtart of it ſelf to redreſs its Maſter's Wrong.

Viz. However, Sir, I think it not proper for me to carry any ſuch Meſſage between Friends.

Stand. I have ne're a Servant here. What ſhall I do?

Viz. There's *Tom Errand*, the Porter that plies at the *Blue Poſts*; and who knows Sir *Harry* and his Haunts very well; you may ſend a Note by him.

Stand. Here, you, Friend.

Viz. I have now ſome Buſineſs, and muſt take my Leave, I wou'd adviſe you nevertheleſs againſt this Affair.

Stand. No whiſpering now, nor telling of Friends to prevent us. He that diſappoints a Man of an Honourable Revenge, may love him fooliſhly like a Wife, but never value him as a Friend.

Viz. Nay, the Devil take him that parts you, ſay I. (*Exit.*

Enter Porter *Running.*

Err. Did your Honour call a Porter?

Stand. Is your Name *Tom Errand*?

Err. People call me ſo, an't like your Worſhip——

Stand. D'ye know Sir *Harry Wildair*?

Err.

Err. Ay, very well, Sir! He's one of my Maſters; many a round Half Crown have I had of his Worſhip: He's newly come home from *France*, Sir.

Stand. Go to the next *Coffee-Houſe*, and wait for me. O Woman, Woman, how bleſt is Man, when favour'd by your Smiles? And how accurſt, when all thoſe Smiles are found but Wanton Baits, to ſooth us to Deſtruction.

Thus our chief Joys, with baſe Allays, are curſt,
And our beſt Things, when once corrupted, worſt. (Exit.

Enter Wildair, *and* Clincher *Senior following.*

Clin. ſen. Sir, Sir, Sir, having ſome Buſineſs of Importance to communicate to you, I would beg your Attention to a trifling Affair that I wou'd impart to you.

Wild. What is your trifling Buſineſs of Importance, pray ſweet Sir?

Clin. Senior. Pray, Sir, Are the Roads deep between this and *Paris?*

Wild. Why that Queſtion, Sir?

Clin. ſen. Becauſe I deſign to go to the *Jubilee*, Sir: I underſtand that you are a Traveller, Sir; there is an Air of Travel in the Tie of your Cravat, Sir, there is indeed, Sir—I ſuppoſe, Sir, you bought this Lace in *Flanders.*

Wild. No, Sir, this Lace was made in *Norway.*

Clin. ſen. Norway, Sir!

Wild. Yes Sir, of the Shavings of Deal-Boards.

Clin. jun. That's very ſtrange now, Faith——Lace made of the Shavings of Deal-Boards; I Gad, Sir, you Travellers ſee very ſtrange Things Abroad, very incredible Things Abroad, indeed. Well, I'll have a Cravat of that very ſame Lace before I come home.

Wild. But, Sir, What Preparations have you made for your Journey?

Clin. ſen. A Caſe of Pocket-Piſtols for the Bravo's—and a Swimming-Girdle.

Wild. Why theſe, Sir?

Clin.

Clin. ſen. O Lord, Sir, I'll tell you —— Suppoſe us in *Rome* now; away goes me I to ſome Ball —— for I'll be a mighty Beau. Then, as I ſaid, I go to ſome Ball, or ſome Bear-baiting, 'tis all one you know —— then comes a Fine *Italian Bona Roba*, and plucks me by the Sleeve, *Seignior Angle*, *Seignior Angle* —— ſhe's a very Fine Lady, obſerve that —— *Seignior Angle*, ſays ſhe, —— *Seigniora*, ſays I, and trips after her to the Corner of a Street, ſuppoſe it *Ruſſel-ſtreet* here, or any other Street; then you know I muſt invite her to the Tavern, I can do no leſs —— There up comes her Bravo; the *Italian* grows Sawcy, and I give him an *Engliſh* Douſe of the Face. I can Box, Sir, Box tightly, I was a Prentice, Sir, —— but then, Sir, he whips out his *Stilletto*, and I whips out my *Bull-Dog* —— ſlaps him through, trips down Stairs, turns the Corner of *Ruſſel-ſtreet* again, and whips me into the Ambaſſador's Train, and there I'm as ſafe as a Beau behind the Scenes.

Wild. Was your Piſtol charg'd, Sir?

Clin. ſen. Only a Brace of Bullets, that's all, Sir, I deſign to ſhoot Seven *Italians* a Week, Sir.

Wild. Sir, you won't have Provocation.

Clin. ſen. Provocation, Sir! Zauns, Sir, I'll kill any Man for treading upon my Corns, and there will be a Deviliſh Throng of People there; they ſay, that all the Princes of *Italy* will be there.

Wild. And all the Fops and Fiddlers in *Europe* —— But the Uſe of your Swimming Girdle, pray Sir?

Clin. ſen. O Lord, Sir, that's eaſie. Suppoſe the Ship caſt away; now, whilſt other fooliſh People are buſy at their Prayers, I whip on my Swimming Girdle, clap a Months Proviſion into my *Pockets*, and Sail me away, like an Egg in a Duck's Belly —— And hark'ee, Sir, I have a New Project in my Head. Where d'ye think my Swimming Girdle ſhall carry me upon this Occaſion: 'Tis a New Project?

Wild. Where, Sir?

Clin. ſen. To *Civita Vecchia*, Faith and Troth, and to ſave the Charges of my Paſſage! Well, Sir, you muſt pardon me now, I'm going to ſee my Miſtreſs. *Wild.*

Wild. This Fellow's an Accompliſh'd Aſs before he goes Abroad. Well; this *Angelica* has got into my Heart, and I can't get her out of my Head. I muſt pay her t'other Viſit.

SCENE *Lady* Darling's *Houſe.*

Angelica *ſola.*

Angel. UNhappy State of Woman! whoſe chief Virtue is but Ceremony, and our much boaſted Modeſty but a ſlaviſh Reſtraint. The ſtrict Confinement on our Words makes our Thoughts ramble more; and what preſerves our outward Fame, deſtroys our inward Quiet. ——— 'Tis hard, that Love ſhou'd be deny'd the Privilege of Hatred; that Scandal and Detraction ſhou'd be ſo much indulg'd, yet Sacred Love and Truth debarr'd our Converſation.

Enter Darling, Clincher *jun. and* Dicky.

Darl. This is my Daughter, Couſin.

Dick. Now, Sir, remember your Three Scrapes.

Clin. Saluting Angelica.] One, Two, Three,[*Kiſſes her.*] Your humble Servant. Was not that right, *Dicky?*

Dick. Ay, Faith, Sir; but why don't you ſpeak to her?

Clin. jun. I beg your Pardon, *Dicky.* I know my Diſtance; Wou'd you have me ſpeak to a Lady at the firſt ſight?

Dick. Ay, Sir, by all Means; the firſt Aim is the ſureſt.

Clin. jun. Now for a good Jeſt, to make her Laugh heartily——By *Jupiter Ammon* I'll go give her a Kiſs.

[*Goes toward her.*

Enter Wildair, *interpoſing.*

Wild. 'Tis all to no purpoſe, I told you ſo before; your pitiful Five Guinea's will never do —— You may march, Sir: for as far as Five hundred Pounds will go, I'll out-bid you.

Clin.

Clin. jun. What the Devil! the Mad-man's here again.

Darl. Bleſs me, Couſin! What d'ye mean? Affront a Gentleman of his Quality in my Houſe.

Clin. jun. Quality! Why, *Madam!* I don't know what you mean by your Madmen, and your Beaux, and your Quality.——They're all alike, I believe.

Darl. Pray, Sir, walk with me into the next Room.

[*Exit* Darl. *leading* Clin. Dick. *follows.*

Ang. Sir, if your Converſation be no more agreeable than 'twas the laſt Time, I wou'd adviſe you to make it as ſhort as you can.

Wild. The Offences of my laſt Viſit, *Madam*, bore their Puniſhment in the Commiſſion; and have made me as uneaſy till I receive Pardon, as your Ladyſhip can be 'till I ſue for it.

Angel. Sir *Harry*, I did not well underſtand the Offence, and muſt therefore proportion it to the Greatneſs of your Apology: If you wou'd therefore have me think it light, take no great Pains in an Excuſe.

Wild. How ſweet muſt be the Lips that guard that Tongue! then, *Madam*, no more of paſt Offences, let us prepare for Joys to come; let this ſeal my Pardon. [*Kiſſes her Hand.*] And this [*again*] initiate me to farther Happineſs.

Angel. Hold, Sir,——one Queſtion, Sir *Harry*; and pray anſwer plainly, D'ye Love me?

Wild. Love you! Does Fire aſcend? Do Hypocrites diſſemble? Uſurers love Gold, or Great Men Flattery? Doubt theſe, then queſtion that I Love.

Ang. This ſhows your Gallantry, Sir, but not your Love.

Wild. View your own Charms, *Madam*, then judge my Paſſion; your Beauty raviſhes my Eye, your Voice my Ear, and your Touch has thrill'd my melting Soul.

Ang. If your Words be real, 'tis in your Pow'r to raiſe an equal Flame in me.

Wild. Nay then——I ſeize——

Angel. Hold, Sir; 'tis alſo poſſible, to make me Deteſt and Scorn you worſe than the moſt profligate of your deceiving Sex.

Wild. Ha! A very odd Turn this. I hope, *Madam*, you only affect Anger, becauſe you know your Frowns are becoming.

Angel. Sir *Harry*, you being the beſt Judge of your own Deſigns, can beſt underſtand whether my Anger ſhou'd be real or diſſembled; think what ſtrict *Modeſty* ſhou'd bear, then judge of my Reſentments.

Wild. Strict *Modeſty* ſhou'd bear! Why, Faith, *Madam*, I believe the ſtricteſt *Modeſty* may bear Fifty Guinea's, and I don't believe 'twill bear one Farthing more.

Angel. What d'mean, Sir?

Wild. Nay, *Madam*, What do you mean, if you go to that? I think now, Fifty Guinea's is a very fine Offer for your ſtrict *Modeſty*, as you call it.

Angel. 'Tis more Charitable, Sir *Harry*, to charge the Impertinence of a Man of your Figure, on his Deteſt in Underſtanding, than on his want of *Manners*——I'm afraid you're Mad, Sir.

Wild. Why, *Madam*, you're enough to make any Man Mad. S'death, Are not you a——

Angel. What, Sir?

Wild. Why, a Lady of——ſtrict *Modeſty*, if you will have it ſo.

Angel. I ſhall never hereafter truſt common Report, which repreſented you, Sir, a Man of Honour, Wit and Breeding; for I find you very deficient in them all. [*Exit.*

Wild. ſolus. Now I find that the ſtrict Pretences which the Ladies of Pleaſure make to ſtrict *Modeſty*, is the Reaſon why thoſe of Quality are aſham'd to wear it.

Enter Vizard.

Viz. Ah, Sir *Harry*, Have I caught you? Well, and what Succeſs?

Wild.

Wild. Succeſs! 'tis a ſhame for you young Fellows in Town here, to let the Wenches grow ſo Sawcy: I offer'd her Fifty Guinea's, and ſhe was in her Airs preſently. I cou'd have Two Counteſſes in *Paris* for half the Money, and *Je vous remercie* into the Bargain.

Viz. Gone in her Airs, ſay you? And did not you follow her?

Wild. Whither ſhou'd I follow her?

Viz. Into her Bed-Chamber, Man. She went on purpoſe. You a Man of Gallantry, and not underſtand that a Lady's beſt pleas'd when ſhe puts on her Airs, as you call it.

Wild. She talk'd to me of ſtrict Modeſty, and Stuff.

Viz. Certainly moſt Women magnify their Modeſty, for the ſame Reaſon that Cowards boaſt their Courage, becauſe they have leaſt on't. Come, come, Sir *Harry*, when you make your next Aſſault, encourage your Spirits with brisk *Burgundy*; if you ſucceed, 'tis well; if not, you have a fair Excuſe for your Rudeneſs. I'll go in, and make your Peace for what's paſt. Oh! I had almoſt forgot——Coll. *Standard* wants to ſpeak with you about ſome Buſineſs.

Wild. I'll wait upon him preſently; D'ye know where he may be found?

Viz. In the Piazza of *Covent-Garden*, about an Hour hence, I promis'd to ſee him, and there you may meet him; to have your Throat Cut. [*Aſide.*] I'll go in and intercede for you.

Wild. But no foul Play with the Lady, *Vizard*. [*Exit.*

Viz. No fair Play, I can aſſure you. [*Exit.*

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA OXONIENSIS

SCENE. *The Street before* Lurewell's *Lodgings*; Clinch. *Sen. and* Lurewell *Coqueting in the Balcony.*

Enter Standard.

Stand. HOW weak is Reaſon in Diſputes of Love? That daring Reaſon which ſo oft pretends to queſtion Works of high Omnipotence, yet poorly truckles to our weakeſt Paſſions, and yields implicit Faith to fooliſh Love, paying blind Zeal to faithleſs Woman's Eyes. I've heard her Falſhood with ſuch preſſing Proofs, that I no longer ſhou'd diſtruſt it. Yet ſtill my Love wou'd baffle Demonſtration, and make Impoſſibilities ſeem probable. [*Looks up.*] Ha! That Fool too! What! ſtoop ſo low as that Animal—— 'Tis true, Women once fall'n, like Cowards in Deſpair, will ſtick at nothing; there's no Medium in their Actions: They muſt be bright as Angels, or black as Fiends. But now for my Revenge, I'll kick her Cully before her Face, call her a Whore, Curſe the whole Sex, and ſo leave her. [*Goes in.*

Lurewell *comes down with* Clincher. *The Scene changes to a Dining-Room.*

Lure. O Lord, Sir, 'tis my Husband: What will become of you?

Clin. Eh; your Husband? Oh, I ſhall be Murder'd: What ſhall I do? Where ſhall I run? I'll creep into an Oven; I'll climb up the Chimney; I'll fly; I'll Swim;——I wiſh to the Lord I were at the *Jubilee* now.——

Lure. Can't you think of any Thing, Sir?

Enter Tom Errand.

What do you want, Sir?

Erra. Madam, I am looking for Sir *Harry Wildair*; I ſaw him come in here this Morning; and did imagine he might be here ſtill.

Lure.

Lure. A lucky Hit! Here, Friend, change Cloaths with this Gentleman, quickly: Strip.

Clinc. Ay, Ay, quickly ſtrip: I'll give you half a Crown. Come here: So [*They change Cloaths.*

Lure. Now ſlip you, [to *Clinch.*] down Stairs, and wait at the Door till my Husband be gone; and get you in there [to the *Porter*] till I call you.

[*Puts* Errand *into the next Room.*

Enter Standard.

Oh, Sir! Are you come? I wonder, Sir, how you have the Confidence to approach me after ſo baſe a Trick.

Stand. O, Madam! all your Artifices won't prevail.

Lure. Nay, Sir, your Artifices won't avail. I thought, Sir, that I gave you Caution enough againſt troubling me with Sir *Harvy Wildair*'s Company, when I ſent his Letters back by you: Yet you, forſooth, muſt tell him where I lodg'd, and expoſe me again to his impertinent Courtſhip.

Stand. I expoſe you to his Courtſhip!

Lure. I'll lay my Life you'll deny it now: Come, come, Sir, a pitiful Lie is as ſcandalous to a Red-Coat, as an Oath to a Black. Did not Sir *Harry* himſelf tell me, that he found out by you where I lodg'd,

Stand. You're all Lies: Firſt, your Heart is falſe, your Eyes are double; one Look belies another: And then your Tongue does contradict them all.——Madam, I ſee a little Devil juſt now hammering out a Lie in your Pericranium.

Lure. As I hope for Mercy, he's in the right on't. [*Aſide*] Hold, Sir, you have got the Play-Houſe Cant upon your Tongue; and think that Wit may privilege your Railing: But I muſt tell you, Sir, that what is Satyr upon the Stage, is Ill Manners here.

Stand. What is feign'd upon the Stage, is here in Reality real Falſhood. Yes, yes, Madam——I expos'd you to the Courtſhip of your Fool *Clincher* too? I hope your Female Wiles will impoſe that upon me.——a ſo——

Lure. Clincher! Nay, now, you're ſtark Mad. I know no ſuch Perſon.

Stand. O Woman in Perfection! not know him! 'Slife, Madam, Can my Eyes, my piercing jealous Eyes be ſo deluded? Nay, *Madam*, my Noſe could not miſtake him; for I ſmelt the Fop, by his Pulvilio, from the Balcony down to the Street.

Lure. The Balcony! Ha, ha, ha, the Balcony! I'll be hang'd but he has miſtaken Sir *Harry Waldair*'s Footman, with a new *French* Livery, for a Beau.

Stand. S'death, *Madam*, What is there in me that looks like a Cully? Did I not ſee him?

Lure. No, no; you cou'd not ſee him: You're Dreaming, *Colonel:* Will you believe your Eyes, now, that I have rubb'd them open? —— Here, you Friend.

Enter Errand *in* Clincher's *Cloaths.*

Stand. This is Illuſion all; my Eyes conſpire againſt themſelves. 'Tis Legerdemain.

Lure. Legerdemain! Is that all your Acknowledgment for your rude Behaviour? —— Oh, what a Curſe is it to Love as I do! —— But don't preſume too far, Sir, on my Affection: For ſuch ungenerous Uſage will ſoon return my tir'd Heart. —— Be gone, Sir, [*to the Porter*] to your impertinent Maſter, and tell him, I ſhall never be at Leiſure to receive any of his troubleſome Viſits. —— Send to me to know when I ſhould be at Home. —— Be gone, Sir: —— I am ſure he has made me an unfortunate Woman. (*Weeps.*

Stand. Nay, then there is no Certainty in Nature; and Truth is only Falſhood well Diſguis'd.

Lure. Sir, had not I own'd my fond fooliſh Paſſion, I ſhou'd not have been ſubject to ſuch unjuſt Suſpicions; but 'tis an ungrateful Return. (*Weeping.*

Stand. Now where are all my firm Reſolves? I will believe her Juſt. My Paſſion rais'd my Jealouſy; then why mayn't Love be blind in finding Faults, as in excuſing them? —— I hope, *Madam*, you'll pardon me, ſince Jealouſy, that magnify'd my Suſpicion, is

as

as much the Effect of Love, as my Easiness in being satisfy'd.

Lure. Easiness in being satisfy'd! You Men have got an insolent Way of Extorting Pardon, by persisting in your Faults. No, no, Sir; cherish your Suspicions, and feed upon your Jealousy: 'Tis fit Meat for your Squeamish Stomach.

With me, all Women shou'd, this Rule pursue;
Who thinks us False, shou'd never find us True.

(*Exit* in a Rage.

Enter Clincher *in the Porter's Cloaths.*

Clin. Well! Intriguing is the prettiest pleasantest Thing for a Man of my Parts: ——How shall we laugh at the Husband when he is gone? ——How fillily he looks! He's in labour of Horns already, —— to make a Colonel a Cuckold! 'Twill be rare News for the Alderman. (*Aside.*

Stand. All this Sir *Harry* has occasion'd; but he's brave, and will afford me just Revenge. ——O! this is the Porter I sent the Challenge by: ——Well, Sir, Have you found him?

Clin. What the Devil does he mean now?

Stand. Have you given Sir *Harry* the Note, Fellow?

Clin. The Note! What Note?

Stand. The Letter, Blockhead, which I sent by you to Sir *Harry Wildair*; Have you seen him?

Clin. O Lord, What shall I say now? Seen him! Yes, Sir——No Sir——I have Sir; I have not Sir.

Stand. The Fellow's Mad. Answer me directly Sirrah, or I'll break your Head.

Clin. I know Sir *Harry* very well, Sir; but, as to the Note, I can't remember a Word on't: Truth is, I have a very bad Memory.

Stand. O Sir, I'll quicken your Memory. (*Strikes him.*

Clin. Zauns, Sir, hold,——I did give him the Note.

Stand.

Stand. And what Anſwer?

Clin. I mean, Sir, I did not give him the Note.

Stand. What, d'ye banter, Raſcal? [*Strikes him again.*

Clin. Hold, Sir, hold; He did ſend an Anſwer.

Stand. What was't, Villain?

Clin. Why, truly, Sir, I have forgot it: I told you that I had a very treacherous Memory.

Stand. I'll engage you ſhall remember me this Month, Raſcal. (*Beats him off, and* Exit.

Enter Lurewell *and* Parly.

Lure. Fortboon, fortboon, fortboon; this is better than I expected: but Fortune ſtill helps the Induſtrious.

Enter Clincher.

Clin. Ah! The Devil take all Intriguing, ſay I, and him who firſt invented Canes: ——That curs'd Colonel has got ſuch a Knack of Beating his Men, that he has left the Mark of a Collar of Bandileers about my Shoulders.

Lure. O my poor Gentleman! And was it Beaten?

Clin. Yes, I have been Beaten: But where's my Cloaths, my Cloaths?

Lure. What, you won't leave me ſo ſoon, my Dear, will ye?

Clin. Will ye? If ever I peep into a Colonel's Tent again, may I be forc'd to run the Gauntlet: ——But my Cloaths, Madam.

Lure. I ſent the Porter down Stairs with them: Did not you meet him?

Clin. Meet him! No, not I.

Parl. No? He went out of the Back door, and is run clear away I'm afraid.

Clin. Gone, ſay you? And with my Cloaths? My Fine Jubilee Cloaths? O, the Rogue, the Thief! —— I'll have him hang'd for Murder: ——But how ſhall I get home in this Pickle?

Parl. I'm afraid, Sir, the Colonel will be back preſently; for he Dines at home.

Clin.

Clin. Oh, then, I muſt ſneak off! Was ever Man ſo managed, to have his Coat well Thraſh'd, and loſe his Coat too? *(Exit.*

Lure. Thus the Noble Poet ſpoke Truth?

Nothing ſuits worſe with Vice, than want of Senſe:
Fools are ſtill wicked at their own Expence.

Parl. Methinks, Madam, the Injuries you have ſuffer'd by Men muſt be very great, to raiſe ſuch heavy Reſentments againſt the whole Sex.

Lure. The greateſt Injury that Woman cou'd ſuſtain; They Robb'd me of that Jewel, which preſerv'd, exalts our Sex almoſt to Angels: But deſtroy'd, debaſes us below the worſt of Brutes, Mankind.

Parl. But I think, Madam, your Anger ſhou'd be only confin'd to the Author of your Wrongs.

Lure. The Author! Alas, I know him not, which makes my Wrongs the greater.

Parl. Not know him! 'Tis odd, Madam, that a Man ſhou'd Rob you of that ſame Jewel you mention'd, and you not know him.

Lure. Leave Trifling: —— 'Tis a Subject that always ſowres my Temper; but ſince by thy faithful Service I have ſome Reaſon to confide in your Secreſy: Hear the ſtrange Relation ——Some Twelve, Twelve Years ago I liv'd at my Father's Houſe in *Oxfordſhire*, bleſt with Innocence, the Ornamental, but weak Guard of blooming Beauty: I was then juſt Fifteen, an Age oft fatal to the Female Sex; Our Youth is tempting, our Innocence credulous, Romances moving, Love powerful, and Men are——Villains. Then it happen'd, that three young Gentlemen from the Univerſity coming into the Country, and being Benighted, and Strangers, call'd at my Father's: He was very glad of their Company, and offered them the Entertainment of his Houſe.

Parl. Which they accepted, no doubt: Oh! Theſe ſtroiling Collegians are never Abroad, but upon ſome Miſchief.

Lure.

Lure. They had ſome private Frolick or Deſign in their Heads, as appear'd by their not naming one another; which, my Father perceiving, out of Civility, made no Enquiry into their Affairs: Two of them had a heavy, pedantick, Univerſity-Air, a ſort of diſagreeable Scholaſtick Booriſhneſs in their Behaviour: But the Third!

Parl. Ay! The Third, Madam,——the Third of all Things they ſay is very Critical.

Lure. He was——but in ſhort, Nature cut him out for my Undoing; ——— he ſeem'd to be about Eighteen.

Parl. A Fit Match for your Fifteen as cou'd be.

Lure. He had a Genteel Sweetneſs in his Face, a Graceful Comelineſs in his Perſon, and his Tongue was fit to ſooth ſoft Innocence to Ruin: His very Looks were Witty, and his expreſſive Eyes ſofter, prettier Things than Words cou'd frame.

Parl. There will be Miſchief by and by; I never heard a Woman talk ſo much of Eyes, but there were Tears preſently after.

Lure. His Diſcourſe was directed to my Father, but his Looks to me. After Supper I went to my Chamber, and read *Caſſandra*, then went to Bed, and dreamt of him all Night; roſe in the Morning, and made Verſes; ſo fell Deſperately in Love——my Father was ſo pleas'd with his Converſation, that he begg'd their Company next day; they conſented, and next Night, *Parly*——

Par. Ay, next Night, Madam, ——next Night (I'm afraid) was a Night indeed.

Lure. He brib'd my Maid, with his Gold, out of her Honeſty; and me, with his Rhetorick, out of my Honour——ſhe admitted him to my Chamber, and there he Vow'd, and Swore, and Wept, and Sigh'd —— and Conquer'd. (*Weeps.*

Parl. Alack-a-day, poor Fifteen! (*Weeps.*

Lure. He Swore that he wou'd come down from *Oxford* in a Fortnight, and Marry me.

Parl.

Parl. The old Bait! The old Bait——I was Cheated juſt ſo my ſelf. (*Aſide.*
But had not you the Wit to know his Name all this while?

Lure. Alas! What Wit had Innocence like mine? He told me that he was under an Obligation to his Companions of Concealing himſelf then, but that he wou'd Write to me in two Days, and let me know his Name and Quality. After all the Binding Oaths of Conſtancy, Joyning Hands, Exchanging Hearts, I gave him a Ring, with this Motto, *Love and Honour*; then we parted; but I never ſaw the Dear Deceiver more.

Par. No, nor never will, I warrant you.

Lure. I need not tell my Griefs, which my Father's Death made a fair Pretence for; he left me ſole Heireſs and Executrix to Three Thouſand Pounds a Year; at laſt my Love for this ſingle Diſſembler, turn'd to a Hatred of the whole Sex, and reſolving to divert my Melancholy, and make my large Fortune ſubſervient to my Pleaſure and Revenge, I went to Travel, where, in moſt Courts of *Europe*, I have done ſome Execution: Here I will play my laſt Scene; then retire to my Country-Houſe, live ſolitary, and die a Penitent.

Par. But don't you ſtill love this dear Diſſembler?

Lure. Moſt certainly: 'Tis Love of him that keeps my Anger warm, repreſenting the Baſeneſs of Mankind full in View; and makes my Reſentments work——We ſhall have that old impotent Lecher *Smuggler* here to Night: I have a Plot to ſwinge him, and his preciſe Nephew *Vizard*.

Par. I think, Madam, you manage every Body that comes in your way.

Lure. No, *Parly*; Thoſe Men, whoſe Pretenſions I found juſt and honourable, I fairly diſmiſs'd, by letting them know my firm Reſolutions never to Marry. But thoſe Villains that wou'd attempt my Honour, I've ſeldom fail'd to manage.

Parl. What d'ye think of the Colonel, Madam? I ſuppoſe his Deſigns are honourable.

Lure.

Lure. That Man's a Riddle; there's ſomething of Honour in his Temper that pleaſes: I'm ſure he loves me too, becauſe he's ſoon jealous, and ſoon ſatisfy'd: But he's a Man ſtill.——When I once try'd his Pulſe about Marriage, his Blood ran as low as a Cowards: He Swore indeed that he lov'd me, but cou'd not Marry me, forſooth, becauſe he was Engag'd elſewhere. So poor a Pretence made me diſdain his Paſſion, which otherwiſe might have been uneaſie to me——But hang him, I have Teiz'd him enough: —— Beſides, *Parly*, I begin to be tir'd of my Revenge; —— But this Buſs and Guinea I muſt Maul once more: I'll Hanſel his Woman's Cloaths for him. Go, get me Pen and Ink; I muſt Write to *Vizard* too.

Fortune, this once, aſſiſt me, as before.
Two ſuch Machines can never Work in vain,
As thy Propitious Wheel, and my projecting Brain.

The End of the Third ACT.

ACT. IV.

SCENE *Covent-Garden.*

Wildair *and* Standard *Meeting.*

Stand. I Thought, Sir *Harry*, to have met you e're this in a more convenient Place; but ſince my Wrongs were without Ceremony, my Revenge ſhall be ſo too. Draw, Sir.

Wild. Draw, Sir! What ſhall I Draw?

Stand. Come, come, Sir; I like your Facetious Humour well enough: It ſhows Courage and Unconcern: I know

I know you Brave; and therefore uſe you thus. *Draw your Sword.*

Wild. Nay, to oblige you I will Draw: But the Devil take me if I Fight——Perhaps, Colonel, this is the prettieſt Blade you have ſeen.

Stand. I doubt not but the Arm is good; and therefore think both worth my Reſentment. Come, Sir.

Wild. But, prithee Colonel, doſt think that I am ſuch a Madman as to ſend my Soul to the Devil, and my Body to the Worms, upon every Fools Errand?

Stand. I hope you're no Coward, Sir.

Wild. Coward, Sir; I have Eight Thouſand Pounds a Year, Sir.

Stand. You Fought in *Flanders* to my Knowledge.

Wild. Ay, for the ſame Reaſon that I wore a Red-Coat, becauſe 'twas faſhionable.

Stand. Sir, you Fought a *French Count* in *Paris.*

Wild. True, Sir; He was a Beau, like my ſelf: Now you're a Soldier, Colonel, and Fighting's your Trade; and I think it downright Madneſs to contend with any Man in his Profeſſion.

Stand. Come, Sir, no more dallying: I ſhall take very unſeemly Methods if you don't ſhow your ſelf a Gentleman.

Wild. A Gentleman! Why there again now. A Gentleman! I tell you once more, Colonel, that I am a Baronet, and have Eight Thouſand Pounds a Year. I can Dance, Sing, Ride, Fence, underſtand the Languages. Now, I can't conceive how running you through the Body ſhou'd contribute one jot more to my Gentility. But pray Colonel, I had forgot to ask you, What's the Quarrel?

Stand. A Woman, Sir.

Wild. Then I put up my Sword. Take her.

Stand. Sir, my Honour's concern'd.

Wild. Nay, if your Honour be concern'd with a Woman, get it out of her Hands as ſoon as you can. An honourable Lover is the greateſt Slave in Nature; ſome will ſay, the greateſt Fool. Come, come, Colonel, this

is ſomething about the Lady *Lurewell*, I warrant; I can give you ſatisfaction in that Affair.

Stand. Do ſo then immediately.

Wild. Put up your Sword firſt: You know I dare fight: But I had much rather make you a Friend than an Enemy. I can aſſure you this Lady will prove too hard for one of your Temper. You have too much Honour, too much in Conſcience, to be a Favourite with the Ladies.

Stand. I am aſſur'd, Sir, ſhe never gave you any Encouragement.——

Wild. A Man can never hear Reaſon with a Sword in his Hand. Sheath your Weapon; and then if I don't ſatisfy you, ſheath it in my Body.

Stand. Give me but Demonſtration of her granting you any Favour, and 'tis enough.

Wild. Will you take my Word?

Stand. Pardon me, Sir, I cannot.

Wild. Will you believe your own Eyes?

Stand. 'Tis ten to one whether I ſhall or no: They have deceiv'd me already.

Wild. That's hard——But ſome means I ſhall deviſe for your Satisfaction.—— We muſt fly this Place; elſe that Cluſter of Mob will overwhelm us. (*Exeunt.*

[*Enter Mob*, Tom. Errand's *Wife hurrying in* Clincher Senior *in* Errand's *Cloaths.*

Wife. O, the Villain, the Rogue, he has Murder'd my Husband: Ah, my poor *Timothy.* (*Crying.*

Clin. Dem your *Timothy*: — Your Husband has Murder'd me, Woman: For he has carry'd away my Fine Jubilee Cloaths.

Wife. Ah, you Cut-Throat! Have you not got his Cloaths upon your Back there? — Neighbours, Don't you know poor *Timothy*'s Coat and Apron?

Mobb. Ay, ay! 'Tis the ſame!

Firſt Mobb. What ſhall we do with him, Neighbours?

Second Mobb. We'll pull him in pieces.

Firſt Mobb, No, no; then we may be hang'd for Murder; but we'll drown him.

Clin.

Clin. Ah, good People, pray don't drown me; for I never learnt to ſwim in all my Life. Ah, this plaguy Intriguing!

Mobb. Away with him, away with him to the *Thames.*

Clin. Oh, if I had but my *Swimming-Girdle* now.

Enter Conſtable.

Conſt. Hold, Neighbours, I command the Peace.

Wife. O! Mr. Conſtable, here's a Rogue that has murder'd my Husband, and robb'd him of his Cloaths.

Conſt. Murder and Robbery! Then he muſt be a Gentleman. Hands off there, he muſt not be abus'd.—— Give an Account of your ſelf: Are you a Gentleman!

Clin. No, Sir, I am a Beau.

Conſt. Then you have kill'd no body, I'm perſwaded. How came you by theſe Cloaths, Sir?

Clin. You muſt know, Sir, that walking along, Sir, I don't know how, Sir; I can't tell where, Sir; and—ſo the Porter and I chang'd Cloaths, Sir.

Conſt. Very well, the Man ſpeaks Reaſon, and like a Gentleman.

Wife. But pray Mr. Conſtable, ask him how he chang'd Cloaths with him.

Conſt. Silence, Woman, and don't diſturb the Court.—— Well, Sir, how did you change Cloaths?

Clin. Why, Sir, he pull'd off my Coat, and I drew off his; ſo I puts on his Coat, and he puts on mine.

Conſt. Why Neighbours, I don't find that he's guilty: Search him; and if he carries no Arms about him, we'll let him go.

(*They ſearch his Pockets, and pull out his Piſtols.*

Clin. O *Gemini*! My Jubilee Piſtols.

Conſt. What, a Caſe of Piſtols? Then the Caſe is plain. Speak, what are you, Sir? whence come you, and whither go you?

Clin. Sir, I came from *Ruſſel-Street*, and am going to the Jubilee.

Wife. You ſhall go to the Gallows, you Rogue.

Conſt. Away with him, away with him to *Newgate* ſtrait.

Clin. I ſhall go to the Jubilee now indeed. (*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Wildair *and* Standard.

Wild. In ſhort, Colonel, 'tis all Nonſenſe; Fight for a Woman! Hard by is the Lady's Houſe; if you pleaſe, we'll wait on her together: You ſhall draw your Sword; I'll draw my Snuff-Box: You ſhall produce your Wounds receiv'd in War; I'll relate mine by *Cupid*'s Dart: ——You ſhall look big; I'll ogle: —— You ſhall ſwear; I'll ſigh: ——You ſhall *ſa, ſa,* and I'll *conge*; And if ſhe flies not to my Arms, like a Hawk to its Pearch, my Dancing-Maſter deſerves to be damn'd.

Stand. With the generality of Women, I grant you, theſe Arts may prevail.

Wild. Generality of Women! Why there again you're out. They're all alike, Sir; I never heard of any one that was particular, but one.

Stand. Who was ſhe, pray?

Wild. Penelope, I think ſhe's call'd; and that's a Poetical Story too. When will you find a Poet in our Age make a Woman ſo chaſte?

Stand. Well, Sir *Harry*, your facetious Humour can diſguiſe Falſhood, and make Calumny paſs for Satyr: But you have promis'd me Ocular Demonſtration that ſhe favours you: Make that good, and I ſhall then maintain Faith and Female to be as inconſiſtent as Truth and Falſhood.

Wild. Nay, by what you have told me, I am ſatisfy'd ſhe impoſes on us all: And *Vizard* too ſeems what I ſtill ſuſpected him: But his Honeſty once miſtruſted, ſpoils his Knavery: ——But will you be convinc'd if our Plot ſucceeds?

Stand. I rely on your Word and Honour, Sir *Harry*; which, if I doubted, my Diſtruſt wou'd cancel the Obligation of their Security.

Wild. Then meet me half an Hour hence at the *Rummer*: You muſt oblige me by taking a hearty Glaſs with me toward the fitting me out for a certain Project, which this Night I undertake.

Stand.

Stand. I guess, by the Preparation, that Woman's the Design.

Wild. Yes, Faith, ——— I am taken dangerously Ill with two Foolish Maladies, Modesty and Love; the first I'll cure with *Burgundy*, and my Love, by a Night's Lodging with the Damsel. A sure Remedy. *Probatum est.*

Stand. I'll certainly meet you, Sir. (*Exeunt severally.*

Enter Clincher Junior *and* Dicky.

Clin. Ah! *Dicky*, this *London* is a sad Place, a sad vicious Place: I wish that I were in the Country again: And this Brother of mine! I'm sorry he's so great a Rake: I had rather see him Dead, than see him thus.

Dick. Ay, Sir; He'll spend his whole Estate at this same Jubilee. Who, d'ye think lives at this same *Jubilee*?

Clin. Who, pray?

Dick. The Pope.

Clin. The Devil he does! My Brother go to the Place where the Pope dwells! He's bewitch'd sure.

Enter Tom Errand *in* Clincher Senior's *Cloaths.*

Dick. Indeed I believe he is, for he's strangely alter'd.

Clin. Alter'd! Why he looks like a Jesuit already.

Errd. This Lace will sell. What a Blockhead was the Fellow to trust me with his Coat! If I can get cross the Garden, down to the Water-side, I'm pretty secure. [*Aside.*

Clin. Brother! ——— Alaw! O *Gemini*? Are you my Brother?

Dick. I seize you in the King's Name, Sir.

Errd. O Lord, Shou'd this prove some Parliament-Man now!

Clin. Speak, you Rogue, What are you?

Errd. A poor Porter, Sir, and going of an Errand.

Dick. What Errand? Speak you Rogue.

Errd. A Fool's Errand, I'm afraid.

Clin. Who sent you?

Errd. A Beau, Sir.

Dick. No, no, the Rogue has murder'd your Brother, and ſtript him of his Cloaths.

Clin. Murder'd my Brother! O *Crimini*! O my poor Jubilee Brother! —— Stay, by *Jupiter Ammon*, I'm Heir tho': Speak, Sirrah, Have you kill'd him?

Confeſs that you have kill'd him, and I'll give you Half a Crown.

Erra. Who I, Sir? Alack-a-day, Sir, I never kill'd any Man, but a Carrier's Horſe once.

Clin. Then you ſhall certainly be Hang'd. But confeſs that you kill'd him, and we'll let you go.

Erra. Telling the Truth hangs a Man, but confeſſing a Lye can do no harm; beſides, if the worſt comes to the worſt, I can but deny it again——. Well, Sir, ſince I muſt tell you, I did kill him.

Clin. Here's your Money, Sir, —— But are you ſure you kill'd him dead.

Erra. Sir, I'll ſwear it before any Judge in *England*.

Dick. But are you ſure that he's *Dead in Law*?

Erra. Dead in Law! I can't tell whether he be *Dead in Law*: But he's as dead as a Door Nail; for I gave him Seven Knocks on the Head with a Hammer.

Dick. Then you have the Eſtate by the Statute. Any Man that's knock'd o'th' Head is *Dead in Law*.

Clin. But are you ſure he was *Compos Mentis* when he was kill'd.

Erra. I ſuppoſe he was, Sir, for he told me nothing to the contrary afterwards.

Clin. Hey! —— then I go to the *Jubilee* —— Strip, Sir, ſtrip. By *Jupiter Ammon* ſtrip.

Dick. Ah! don't ſwear, Sir.

[*Puts on his Brother's Clothes.*

Clin. Swear, Sir; *Zoons*, han't I got the Eſtate, Sir! Come, Sir, now I'm in Mourning for my Brother.

Erra. I hope you'll let me go now, Sir.——.

Clin. Yes, yes, Sir, but you muſt firſt do me the Favour to ſwear poſitively before a Magiſtrate, that you kill'd him dead, that I may enter upon the Eſtate without any Trouble. By *Jupiter Ammon* all my Reli-

gion's

gion's gone, ſince I put on theſe fine Cloaths ——— Hey, call me a Coach ſomebody.

Errand. Ay, Maſter, let me go, and I'll call one immediately.

Clin. No, no, *Dicky*, carry this Spark before a Juſtice, and when he has made Oath, you may diſcharge him. And I'll go ſee *Angelica*. [*Exeunt* Dick. *and* Errand.] Now that I'm an Elder Brother, I'll Court, and Swear, and Rant, and Rake, and go to the *Jubilee* with the beſt of them. [*Exit.*

SCENE, Lurewell's *HOUSE.*

Enter Lurewell *and* Parly.

Lure. ARE you ſure that *Wizard* had my Letter.

Parl. Yes, yes, Madam, one of your Ladyſhip's Footmen gave it to him in the Park, and he told the Bearer, with all Tranſports of Joy, that he wou'd be punctual to a Minute.

Lure. Thus moſt Villains, ſome time or other, are punctual to their Ruin; and Hypocriſy, by impoſing on the World, at laſt deceives it ſelf. Are all Things prepar'd for his Reception.

Parl. Exactly to your Ladyſhip's Order, the Alderman too is juſt come, dreſs'd and cook'd up for Iniquity.

Lure. Then he has got Woman's Cloaths on.

Parl. Yes, Madam, and has paſs'd upon the Family for your Nurſe.

Lure. Convey him into that Cloſet, and put out the Candles, and tell him, I'll wait on him preſently.

[*As* Parly *goes to put out the Candle, ſomebody knocks.*

Lure. This muſt be ſome Clown without Manners, or a Gentleman above Ceremony. Who's there?

Wild. Sings.

Thus

Thus Damon *knock'd at* Celia's *Door,*
He ſigh'd, and beg'd, and wept, and ſwore,
The Sign was ſo,
[knocks]
She anſwer'd, No
[knocks thrice]
No, no, no.
Again he ſigh'd, again he pray'd.
No, Damon, *no, I am afraid,*
Conſider, Damon, *I'm a Maid,*
Conſider,
No,
I'm a Maid.
No, &c.
At laſt his Sighs and Tears made way,
She roſe, and ſoftly turn'd the Key,
Come in, ſaid ſhe, but do not ſtay.
I may conclude
You will be rude,
But if you are, you may. [*Exit.* Parly.

Wildair *Enters.*

Lure. 'Tis too early for Serenading, Sir *Harry.*

Wild. Whereſoever Love is, there Muſick is proper; there's an harmonious Conſent in their Natures, and when rightly joyn'd, they make up the Chorus of Earthly Happineſs.

Lure. But, Sir *Harry*, what Tempeſt drives you here at this Hour.

Wild. No Tempeſt, Madam, but as fair Weather as ever entic'd a Citizens Wife to Cuckold her Husband in freſh Air. Love, Madam.

[Wild. *taking her by the Hand.*

Lure. As pure and white as Angels ſoft Deſires. Is't not ſo?

Wild. Fierce, as when ripe conſenting Beauty fires.

Lure. O Villain! what Privilege has Man to our Deſtruction, that thus they hunt our Ruin? [*Aſide.*

If this be a Love Token, your Miſtreſſes Favours hang very looſe about you, Sir.

[Wild. *drops a Ring, ſhe takes it up.*

Wild. I can't juſtly, Madam, pay your Trouble of taking it up by any Thing, but deſiring you to wear it.

Lure. You Gentlemen have the cunningeſt ways of playing the Fool, and are ſo induſtrious in your Profeſſions. Speak ſeriouſly, am I beholden to Chance or Deſign for this Ring?

Wild. To deſign upon my Honour, and I hope my Deſign will ſucceed. [*Aſide.*

Lure. *And what ſhall I give you for ſuch a fine Thing.*

Wild. *You'll give me another, you'll give me another fine Thing.* [Both Sing.

Lure. Shall I be free with you, Sir *Harry?*

Wild. With all my Heart, Madam, ſo I may be free with you.

Lure. Then plainly, Sir, I ſhall beg the Favour to ſee you ſome other Time, for at this very Minute I have Two Lovers in the Houſe.

Wild. Then to be as plain, I muſt be gone this Minute, for I muſt ſee another Miſtreſs within theſe Two Hours.

Lure. Frank and free.

Wild. As you with me——Madam, your moſt humble Servant. [*Exit.*

Lure. Nothing can diſturb his Humour. Now for my Merchant and *Vizard.*

[*Exit. and takes the Candles with her.*

Enter Parly, *leading in* Smuggler, *dreſs'd in Woman's Cloaths.*

Parl. This way, Mr. *Alderman.*

Smug. Well, Mrs. *Parly*,——I'm oblig'd to you for this Trouble; here are a couple of Shillings for you. Times are hard, very hard indeed, but next time I'll ſteal a pair of Silk Stockings from my Wife, and bring them to you——What are you fumbling about my Pockets for——?

Parl.

Parl. Only ſettling the Pleats of your Gown, here, Sir; get into this Cloſet, and my Lady will wait on you preſently.

[*Puts him into the Cloſet, runs out, and returns with* Vizard.

Viz. Where would'ſt thou lead me, my dear auſpicious little Pilot?

Parl. You're almoſt in Port, Sir; my Lady's in the Cloſet, and will come out to you immediately.

Viz. Let me thank thee as I ought. [*Kiſſes her.*

Parl. P'ſhaw: Who has hir'd me beſt? A couple of Shillings, or a couple of Kiſſes. [*Exit.*

Viz. Propitious Darkneſs guides the Lovers Steps, and Night that ſhadows outward Senſe, lights up our inward Joy. Night! the great awful Ruler of Mankind, which, like the *Perſian* Monarch, hides its Royalty to raiſe the Veneration of the World: Under thy eaſy Reign, Diſſemblers may ſpeak Truth, all ſlaviſh Forms and Ceremonies laid aſide, and generous Villany may act without Conſtraint.

Smug. *Peeping out of the Cloſet.*] Bleſs me! What Voice is this?

Viz. Our hungry Appetites, like the wild Beaſts of Prey, now ſcour Abroad, to gorge their craving Maws; the Pleaſure of Hypocriſy, like a chain'd Lion, once broke looſe, wildly indulges its new Freedom, ranging through all unbounded Joys.

Smug. My Nephew's Voice! and certainly poſſeſs'd with an Evil Spirit, he talks as Prophanely, as an Aſſur poſſeſs'd with a Poet.

Viz. Ha! I hear a Voice, Madam —— my Life, my Happineſs, where are you, Madam?

Smug. Madam! he takes me for a Woman too, I'll try him. Where have you left your Sanctity, Mr. *Vizard?*

Viz. Talk no more of that ungrateful Subject——I left it where it has only Buſineſs, with Day light, 'tis needleſs to wear a *Maſk* in the Dark.

Smug.

Smug. O the Rogue, the Rogue!——— The World takes you for a very ſober virtuous Gentleman.

Viz. Ay, *Madam*, that adds Security to all my Pleaſures——With me a Cully-Squire may ſquander his Eſtate, and ne'er be thought a Spend-thrift——With me a Holy Elder may zealouſly be drunk, and toaſt his tuneful Noſe in Sack, to make it hold forth clearer——But what is moſt my Praiſe, the formal Rigid, ſhe that rails at Vice and Men, with me ſecures her looſeſt Pleaſures, and her ſtricteſt Honour——She who with ſcornful Mien, and virtuous Pride, diſdains the Name of Whore, with me can Wanton, and laugh at the deluded World.

Smug. How have I been deceiv'd! then you are very great among the Ladies.

Viz. Yes, Madam, they know that, like a Mole in the Earth, I dig deep, but inviſible; not like thoſe fluttering noiſy Sinners, whoſe Pleaſure is the Proclamation of their Faults, whoſe empty Flaſhes no ſooner kindle, but they muſt blaze to alarm the World. But come, Madam, you delay our Pleaſures.

Smug. He ſurely takes me for the Lady *Lurewell*——ſhe has made him an Appointment too——but I'll be reveng'd of both——Well, Sir, what are thoſe you are ſo intimate with.

Viz. Come, come, Madam, you know very well——thoſe who ſtand ſo high, that the Vulgar envy even their Crimes, whoſe Figure adds Privilege to their Sin, and makes it paſs unqueſtion'd; fair, high, pamper'd Females, whoſe ſpeaking Eyes, and piercing Voice, wou'd arm the Statue of a *Stoick*, and animate his cold Marble with the Soul of an *Epicure*, all raviſhing, lovely, ſoft, and kind, like you.

Smug. I am very lovely and ſoft indeed, you ſhall find me much harder than you imagine, Friend——Well, Sir, but I ſuppoſe your Diſſimulation has ſome other Motive beſides Pleaſure.

Viz.

Viz. Yes, Madam, the honeſteſt Motive in the World, Intereſt——— You muſt know, Madam, that I have an old Uncle, Alderman *Smuggler*, you have ſeen him, I ſuppoſe.

Smug. Yes, yes, I have ſome ſmall Acquaintance with him.

Viz. 'Tis the moſt Knaviſh, Preciſe, Covetous old Rogue, that ever died of a Gout.

Smug. Ah! the young Son of a Whore. Well, Sir, and what of him?

Viz. Hell hungers not more for wretched Souls, than he for ill-got Pelf —— And yet (what's wonderful) he that wou'd ſtick at no profitable Villany himſelf, loves Holineſs in another——He prays all *Sunday* for the Sins of the Week paſt——he ſpends all Dinner-time in two tedious Graces, and what he deſigns a Bleſſing to the Meat, proves a Curſe to his Family—— he's the moſt———

Smug. Well, well, Sir, I know him very well.

Viz. Then, Madam, he has a ſwinging Eſtate, which I deſign to Purchaſe as a Saint, and ſpend like a Gentleman. He got it by Cheating, and ſhou'd loſe it by Deceit. By the Pretence of my Zeal and Sobriety, I'll cozen the old Miſer one of theſe Days, out of a Settlement, and Deed of Conveyance———

Smug. It ſhall be a Deed to convey you to the Gallows then, you young Dog. [*Aſide.*

Viz. And no ſooner he's Dead, but I'll rattle over his Grave with a Coach and Six, to inform his covetous Ghoſt how genteely I ſpend his Money.

Smug. I'll prevent you, Boy, for I'll have my Money bury'd with me. (*Aſide.*

Viz. Bleſs me, Madam, here's a Light coming this way, I muſt fly immediately. When ſhall I ſee you, Madam?

Smug. Sooner than you expect, my Dear.

Viz. Pardon me, dear Madam, I wou'd not be ſeen for the World. I wou'd ſooner forfeit my Life, nay, my Pleaſure, than my Reputation. [*Exit.*

Smug.

Smug. Reputation! Reputation! that poor Word ſuffers a great deal——Well! thou art the moſt accompliſh'd Hypocrite that ever made a grave plodding Face over a Diſh of Coffee, and a Pipe of Tobacco; he owes me for Seven Years Maintenance, and ſhall pay me by Seven Years Impriſonment: And when I die, I'll leave him to the Fee-ſimple of a Rope and a Shilling——Who are theſe? I begin to be afraid of ſome Miſchief——I wiſh that I were ſafe within the City Liberties——I'll hide my ſelf. [*Stands cloſe.*

Enter Butler, *with other Servants and Lights.*

But. I ſay, there are Two Spoons wanting, and I'll ſearch the whole Houſe,——Two Spoons will be no ſmall Gap in my Quarters Wages——

Serv. When did you miſs them, *James?*

But. Miſs them. Why, I miſs them now; in ſhort, they muſt be among you, and if you don't return them, I'll go to the Cunning-Man to Morrow-Morning; my Spoons I want, and my Spoons I will have.

Serv. Come, come, ſearch about.

[*Search and diſcover* Smuggler.

Ah! who's this?

But. Harkee, good Woman, What makes you hide your ſelf? What are you aſham'd of.

Smug. Aſham'd of! O Lord, Sir, I'm an honeſt Old Woman thar never was aſham'd of any Thing.

But. What are you, a Midwife then? Speak, did not you ſee a couple of ſtray Spoons in your Travels!

Smug. Stray Spoons!

But. Ay, ay, ſtray Spoons; in ſhort you ſtole them, and I'll ſhake your old Limbs to pieces, if you don't deliver them preſently.

Smug. Bleſs me! a Reverend Elder of Seventy Years Old, accus'd for *Petty-Larceny!*——why, ſearch me, good People, ſearch me, and if you find any Spoons about me, you ſhall burn me for a Witch.

But. Ay, ay, we will ſearch you, Miſtreſs.

[*They ſearch, and pull the Spoons out of his Pockets.*

Smug. Oh! the Devil, the Devil!

But. Where, where is he? Lord bleſs us, ſhe is a Witch in good Earneſt, may be.

Smug. O, it was ſome Devil, ſome *Covent-Garden*, or St. *James*'s Devil, that put them in my Pocket.

But. Ay, ay, you ſhall be hang'd for a Thief, burnt for a Witch, and then carted for a Bawd. Speak, what are you?

Enter Lurewell.

Smug. I'm the Lady *Lurewell*'s Nurſe.

Lure. What Noiſe is this?

But. Here is an old *Succubus*, Madam, that has ſtole Two Silver Spoons, and ſays, ſhe's your Nurſe.

Lure. My Nurſe! O the impudent old Jade, I never ſaw the wither'd Creature before.

Smug. Then I'm finely caught. O, Madam! Madam, Don't you know me? Don't you remember Buſs and Guinea?

Lure. Was ever ſuch Impudence? I know thee! why thou're as Brazen as a Bawd in the Side-Box——— Take her before a Juſtice, and then to *Newgate*. Away.

Smug. O! conſider, Madam, that I'm an Alderman.

Lure. Conſider, Sir, that you're a Compound of Coveteouſneſs, Hypocriſy, and Knavery; and muſt be puniſh'd accordingly——— You muſt be in Petticoats, Goury Monſter, muſt ye! You muſt Buſs and Guinea too, you muſt tempt a Ladies Honour, old Satyr; away with him. [*Hurry him off.*

Still may our Sex thus Frauds of Men oppoſe,
Still may our Arts delude theſe tempting Foes.
May Honour Rule, and never fall betray'd,
But Vice be caught in Nets for Virtue laid.

The End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT

ACT. V.

SCENE, *Lady* Darling's *HOUSE.*

Darling *and* Angelica.

Darling. DAughter, since you have to deal with a Man of so peculiar a Temper, you must not think the general Arts of Love can secure him; you may therefore allow such a Courtier some Encouragement extraordinary, without Reproach to your Modesty.

Ang. I am sensible, *Madam*, that a formal Nicety makes our Modesty sit awkard, and appears rather a Chain to Enslave, than Bracelet to Adorn us——It shou'd show, when unmolested, easy and innocent as a Dove; but strong and vigorous as a Faulcon, when assaulted.

Darl. I'm afraid, Daughter, you mistake Sir *Harry*'s Gaiety for Dishonour.

Angel. Though Modesty, *Madam*, may wink, it must not sleep, when powerful Enemies are Abroad——I must confess, that of all Mens, I wou'd not see Sir *Harry Wildair*'s Faults; nay, I cou'd wrest his most suspicious Words a Thousand ways, to make them look like Honour——But, *Madam*, in spight of Love I must hate him, and curse those Practices which ruin our Nobility, and rob all Virtuous Women of the bravest Men——

Darl. You must certainly be mistaken, *Angelica*; for I'm satisfy'd Sir *Harry*'s Designs are only to Court and Marry you.

Angel. His Pretence, perhaps, was such; but Women now, like Enemies, are attack'd; whether by Treachery, or fairly Conquer'd, the Glory of Triumph is the same——Pray, *Madam*, by what Means were you made acquainted with his Designs?

Darl. Means, Child! why my Cousin *Vizard*, who, I'm sure, is your sincere Friend, sent him. He brought me this Letter from my Cousin——

[*Gives her the Letter, which she opens.*

Angel. Ha! *Vizard!* then I'm abus'd in Earnest—— Wou'd Sir *Harry*, by his Instigation, fix a base Affront upon me? No, I can't suspect him of so ungenteel a Crime——This Letter shall trace the Truth—— [*Aside.* My Suspicions, *Madam*, are much clear'd, and I hope to satisfy your Ladyship in my Management, when next I see Sir *Harry*.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, here's a Gentleman below calls himself *Wildair*.

Darl. Conduct him up. Daughter, I won't doubt your Discretion. [*Exit.* Darling.

Enter Wildair.

Wild. O the Delights of Love and *Burgundy*—— *Madam*, I have toasted your Ladiship Fifteen Bumpers successively, and swallow'd *Cupids* like Loches to every Glass.

Angel. And what then, Sir?

Wild. Why then, *Madam*, the Wine has got into my Head; and the *Cupids* into my Heart, and unless by quenching quick my Flame, you kindly ease the Smart, I'm a lost Man, *Madam*.

Angel. Drunkenness, Sir *Harry*, is the worst Pretence a Gentleman can make for Rudeness: For the Excuse is as scandalous as the Fault:——Therefore pray consider who you are so free with, Sir; a Woman of Condition, that can call half a Dozen Footmen upon Occasion.

Wild. Nay, *Madam*, if you have a mind to toss me in a Blanket, half a Dozen Chambermaids would do

bet-

better Service.——Come, come, *Madam*, tho' the Wine makes me lisp, yet has it taught me to speak plainer. By all the Dust of my ancient Progenitors, I must this Night quarter my Coat of Arms with yours.

Angel. Nay, then, who waits there? [*Enter Footmen.* Take hold of that Mad Man, and bind him.

Wild. Nay, then *Burgundy*'s the Word, and Slaughter will ensue. Hold, do you know, Scoundrels, that I have been drinking victorious *Burgundy*? [*draws.*

Servants. We know you're drunk, Sir.

Wild. Then how have you the Impudence, Rascals, to assault a Gentleman with a couple of Flasks of Courage in his Head?

Servants. Sir, we must do as our young Mistress commands us.

Wild. Nay, then, have among ye, Dogs.

(*Throws Money among them: They scramble and take it up: He pelting them out, shuts the Door, and returns.*

Rascals, Poultrons.——I have charm'd the Dragon, and now the Fruit's my own.

Angel. O, the mercenary Wretches! This was a Plot to betray me.

Wild. I have put the whole Army to Flight: And, now take the General Prisoner. [*Laying hold on her.*

Angel. I conjure you, Sir, by the Sacred Name of Honour, by your dead Father's Name, and the fair Reputation of your Mother's Chastity, that you offer not the least Offence.——Already you have wrong'd me past Redress.

Wild. Thou art the most unaccountable Creature.

Angel. What Madness, Sir *Harry*, what wild Dream of loose Desire, cou'd prompt you to attempt this Baseness? View me well——The Brightness of my Mind, methinks, should lighten outwards, and let you see your Mistake in my Behaviour. I think it shines with so much Innocence in my Face, that it shou'd dazzle all your vicious Thoughts: Think not

I am Defenceless 'cause alone. Your very self is Guard against your self: I'm sure there's something generous in your Soul; my Words shall search it out, and Eyes shall fire it for my own Defence.

Wild. Mimicking) Tall ti dum, ti dum, tall ti didi, didum. A Million to one now, but this Girl is just come flush from reading the *Rival Queens*——I'gad, I'll at her in her own Cant——*O my Statyra, O my Angry Dear, turn thy Eyes on me*; behold thy Beau in Buskins.

Angel. Behold me, Sir; View me with a sober Thought, free from those Fumes of Wine that throw a Mist before your Sight, and you shall find that every Glance from my reproaching Eyes is arm'd with sharp Resentment, and with a vertuous Pride that looks Dishonour dead.

Wild. This is the first Whore in *Heroicks* that I have met with. [*Aside*] Look ye, Madam, as to that slender Particular of your Virtue, we shan't quarrel about it, you may be as Virtuous as any Woman in *England*, if you please; you may say your Prayers all the Time——But pray, Madam, be pleas'd to consider what is this same Virtue that you make such a mighty Noise about——Can your Virtue bespeak you a Front Row in the Boxes? No: For the Players can't live upon Virtue. Can your Virtue keep you a Coach and Six? No, no: Your Virtuous Women walk a-Foot——Can your Virtue hire you a Pew in a Church? Why, the very Sexton will tell you, No. Can your Virtue Stake for you at Picquet? No. Then what Business has a Woman with Virtue——Come, come, Madam, I offer'd you Fifty Guinea's,——there's a Hundred——The Devil! Virtuous still! Why, 'tis a Hundred, Five Score, a Hundred Guinea's.

Angel. O Indignation! Were I a Man you durst not use me thus; but the mean, poor Abuse you throw on me, reflects upon your self; our Sex still strikes an Awe upon the Brave, and only Cowards dare affront a Woman.

Wild.

Wild. Affront! S'death, Madam, a Hundred Guinea's will ſet you up at Baſſet; a Hundred Guinea's will furniſh out your Lodgings with China; a Hundred Guinea's will give you an Air of Quality; a Hundred Guineas will buy you a rich Eſcritore for your Billet-deux, or a fine Common-Prayer-Book for your Virtue. A Hundred Guineas will buy a Hundred fine Things, and fine Things are for fine Ladies; and fine Ladies are for fine Gentlemen; and fine Gentlemen are —— I' Gad this *Burgundy* makes a Man ſpeak like an Angel —— Come, come, Madam, take it, and put it to what Uſe you pleaſe.

Ang. I'll uſe it, as I wou'd the baſe unworthy Giver, thus. [*Throws down the Purſe, and ſtamps upon it.*

Wild. I have no mind to meddle in State-Affairs; but theſe Women will make me a Parliament Man, ſpight of my Teeth, on purpoſe to bring in a Bill againſt their Extortion. She tramples under Foot that Deity which all the World adores. —— O the blooming Pride of beautiful Eighteen! P'ſhaw, I'll talk to her no longer, I'll make my Markets with the Old Gentlewoman, ſhe knows Buſineſs better, —— [*Goes to the Door*] Here you Friend, pray deſire the Old Lady to walk in. —— Harkee, by Gad, Madam, I'll tell your Mother.

Enter Darling.

Darl. Well, Sir *Harry*, and how d'ye like my Daughter, pray?

Wild. Like her Madam! —— hearkee, Will you take it? Why faith, Madam! —— Take the Money, I ſay, or I'gad, all's out.

Ang. All ſhall out; Sir, you're a Scandal to the Name of a Gentleman.

Wild. With all my Heart, Madam —— In ſhort, Madam, your Daughter has us'd me ſomewhat too familiarly, tho' I have treated her like a Woman of Quality.

Darl. How, Sir?

Wild. Why, Madam, I have offer'd her a Hundred Guineas.

Darl.

Darl. A hundred Guineas! Upon what Score?

Wild. Upon what Score! Lord, Lord, how these Old Women love to hear Bawdy! Why Faith, Madam, I have ne're a double Entendre ready at present, but I'll sing you a Song.

Behold the Goldfinches, tall al de rall,
And a Man of my Inches, tall al de rall,
You shall take um believe me, tall al de rall,
If you will give me, your tall al de rall.

A Modish Minuet, Madam, that's all.

Darl. Sir, I don't understand you.

Wild. Ay, she will have it in plain Terms; then Madam, in downright *English*, I offer'd your Daughter a Hundred Guinea's, to——

Ang. Hold Sir, stop your abusive Tongue, too loose for Modest Ears to bear. —— Madam, I did before suspect that his Designs were base, now they're too plain; this Knight, this mighty Man of Wit and Humour, is made a Tool to a Knave; *Vizard* has sent him of a Bully's Errand, to affront a Woman; but I scorn the Abuse, and him that offer'd it.

Darl. How Sir, come to Affront us! D'ye know who we are, Sir?

Wild. Know who ye are? Why, your Daughter there is Mr. *Vizard*'s Cousin, I suppose; —— and for you Madam —— now to call her Procures Alamode *France*. [*Aside.*] *Festime botre Occupation*——

Darl. Pray Sir, speak *English*.

Wild. Then to define her Office, Alamode *Londres*! [*Aside*] I suppose your Ladyship to be one of those Civil, Obliging, Discreet, Old Gentlewomen, who keep their Visiting Days for the Entertainment of their presenting Friends, whom they treat with Imperial Tea, a private Room, and a Pack of Cards. Now I suppose you do understand me.

Darl.

Darl. This is beyond Sufferance; but say, thou abusive Man, what Injury have you e're receiv'd from me, or mine, thus to engage you in this scandalous Aspersion.

Ang. Yes, Sir, what Cause, what Motives could induce you thus to debase your self below your Rank.

Wild. Hey day! Now Dear *Roxana*, and you my fair *Statyra*, be not so very Heroick in your Styles. *Vizard*'s Letter may resolve you, and answer all the impertinent Questions you have made me.

Both Women. We appeal to that.

Wild. And I'll stand to't, he read it to me, and the Contents were pretty plain I thought.

Ang. Here Sir, peruse it, and see how much we are injur'd, and you deceiv'd.

Wild. Opening the Letter.] But hold, Madam, [*to Darling*] before I read, I'll make some Conditions —— Mr. *Vizard* says here, that I won't scruple 30 or 40 Pieces; Now, Madam, if you have clapt in another Cypher to the Account, and made it 3 or 4 Hundred, by Gad, I will not stand to't.

Ang. Now can't I tell whether Disdain or Anger be the most just Resentment for this Injury.

Darl. The Letter, Sir, shall answer you.

Wild. Well then! [*Reads.*]

Out of my Earnest Inclination to serve your Ladyship, and my Cousin Angelica——, Ay, ay, the very Words, I can say it by heart —— *I have sent Sir* Harry Wildair ——— *to Court my Cousin* —— What the Devil's this? *Sent Sir* Harry Wildair *to Court my Cousin* ——— he read to me a quite different Thing —— *He's a Gentleman of great Parts and Fortune.* ——— He's a Son of a Whore and a Rascal, —— *and won'd make your Daughter very Happy,* [*Whistles*] *in a Husband.* [*Looks foolish, and hums a Song.*] Oh poor Sir *Harry*, what have thy angry Scars design'd?

Ang. Now, Sir, I hope you need no Instigation to Redress our Wrongs, since even the Injury points the way.

Darl.

Darl. Think Sir, that our Blood for many Generations, has run in the pureſt Channel of unſully'd Honour.

Wild. Ay, Madam, [*Bows to her.*

Ang. Conſider, what a tender Bloſſom is Female Reputation, which the leaſt Air of foul Detraction blaſts.

Wild. Yes, Madam. [*Bows to t'other.*

Darl. Call then to mind your rude and ſcandalous Behaviour.

Wild. Right, Madam. [*Bows again.*

Ang. Remember the baſe Price you offer'd me. [*Exit.*

Wild. Very true, Madam. Was ever Man ſo Catechiz'd!

Darl. Then think that *Vizard*, Villain *Vizard*, caus'd all this, yet lives; that's all, farewell. [*Going.*

Wild. Stay, Madam, [*to* Darling] one Word; is there no other way to redreſs your Wrongs, but by Fighting.

Darl. Only one, Sir; which if you can think of, you may do: You know the Buſineſs I entertain'd you for.

Wild. I underſtand you, Madam. [*Exit* Darling.] Here am I brought to a very pretty Dilemma; I muſt commit Murder, or commit Matrimony. Which is beſt now? A Licenſe from *Doctors Commons*, or a Sentence from the *Old Baily*? If I kill my Man, the Law hangs me; if I marry my Woman, I ſhall hang my ſelf;——But, Damn it,——Cowards dare fight, I'll marry, that's the moſt daring Action of the two, ſo my dear Couſin *Angelica* have at you.

SCENE *Newgate*, Clincher Sen. *ſolus.*

Clin. HOW Severe and Melancholy are *Newgate* Reflections? Laſt Week my Father died: Yeſterday I turn'd Beau: To day I am laid by the Heels, and to Morrow ſhall be hung by the Neck——I was agreeing with a Bookſeller about Printing an Account of my Journey through *France* to *Italy*; but now, the Hiſtory of my Travels thro' *Holborn* to *Tyburn*;—— *The laſt dying Speech of Beau* Clincher, *that was going to the Jubi-*

lee.

lee ——— *Come, a Half-penny a piece.* A ſad Sound, a ſad Sound, 'Faith. 'Tis one Way to have a Man's Death make a Great Noiſe in the World.

Enter Smuggler *and* Goaler.

Smug. Well, Friend, I have told you who I am: So ſend theſe Letters into *Thames-ſtreet*, as directed; they are to Gentlemen that will Bail me. [*Exit Goaler.*

Eh! This *Newgate* is a very Populous Place: Here's Robbery and Repentance in every Corner. ——— Well, Friend, What are you, a Cut-throat, or a Bum-Bayliff?

Clin. What are you, Miſtreſs, a Bawd, or a Witch? Hearkee, if you are a Witch, d'ye ſee, I'll give you a Hundred Pounds to mount me on a Broomſtaff, and whip me away to the *Jubilee*.

Smug. The *Jubilee*! O, you young Rake-hell, What brought you here?

Clin. Ah, you Old Rogue, What brought you here; if you go to that?

Smug. I knew, Sir, what your Powdering, your Prinking, your Dancing, and your Friſking, wou'd come to.

Clin. And I knew what your Cozening, your Extortion and your Smuggling wou'd come to.

Smug. Ay, Sir, you muſt break your Indentures, and run to the Devil in a Full-bottom Wig, muſt you?

Clin. Ay, Sir, and you muſt put off your Gravity, and run to the Devil in Petticoats: ——— You deſign to Twing in Maſquerade, Maſter, d'ye.

Smug. Ay, you muſt go to Plays too, Sirrah: Lord, Lord! What Buſineſs has a Prentice at a Play-houſe, unleſs it be to hear his Maſter made a Cuckold, and his Miſtreſs a Whore? 'Tis ten to one now, but ſome malicious Poet has my Character upon the Stage within this Month: 'Tis a hard Matter now, that an honeſt ſober Man can't ſin in private for this Plaguy Stage. I gave an honeſt Gentleman Five Guineas my ſelf towards writing a Book againſt it: and it has done no good, we ſee.

Clin.

Clin. Well, well, Master, take Courage; our Comfort is, we have liv'd together, and shall die together; only with this Difference, that I have liv'd like a Fool, and shall die like a Knave; and you have liv'd like a Knave, and shall die like a Fool.

Smug. No, Sirrah! I have sent a Messenger for my Cloaths, and shall get out immediately, and shall be upon your Jury by and by.——Go to Prayers, you Rogue, go to Prayers. [*Exit* Smug.

Clin. Prayers! 'Tis a hard taking, when a Man must say Grace to the Gallows.——— Ah, this Cursed Intriguing! Had I swung handsomely in a Silken Garter now, I had died in my Duty; but to Hang in Hemp, like the Vulgar, 'tis very Ungenteel.

Enter Tom Errand.

A Reprieve, a Reprieve, thou dear, dear ——— damn'd Rogue, Where have you been? Thou art the most welcome ——— Son of a Whore, Where's my Cloaths?

Errd. Sir, I see where mine are: Come, Sir, strip, Sir, strip.

Clin. What Sir, will you abuse a Gentleman?

Errd. A Gentleman! Ha, ha, ha, D'ye know where you are Sir? We're all Gentlemen here,——I stand up for Liberty and Property.——— *Newgate*'s a Commonwealth. No Courtier has Business among us; Come, Sir.

Clin. Well, but stay, stay till I send for my own Cloaths: I shall get out presently.

Errd. No, no, Sir, I'll have you into the Dungeon, and uncase you.

Clin. Sir, you can't master me; for I'm twenty Thousand strong.

[*Exeunt struggling.*

The SCENE *changes to Lady* Darling's *HOUSE.*

Enter Wildair *with Letters*; *Servants following.*

Wild. HERE, fly all around, and bear these as directed; you to *Westminster*,——you to St. *James's*——and you into the City.——Tell all my Friends a Bridegroom's Joy invites their Presence: Look all of ye like Bridegrooms also: All appear with hospitable Looks, and bear a Welcome in your Faces.——Tell 'em I'm married. If any ask to whom, make no Reply; but tell 'em that I'm married, that Joy shall crown the Day, and Love the Night. Be gone, fly.

Enter Standard.

A Thousand Welcomes, Friend: My Pleasure's now compleat, since I can share it with my Friend: Brisk Joy shall bound from me to you: Then back again; and, like the Sun, grow warmer by Reflexion.

Stand. You're always pleasant, Sir *Harry*; but this transcends your self; Whence proceeds it?

Wild. Canst thou not guess? My Friend——Whence flows all Earthly Joy? What is the Life of Man, and Soul of Pleasure?——*Woman*——What fires the Heart with Transport, and the Soul with Raptures? *Lovely Woman*——What is the Master-stroke and Smile of the Creation, but *Charming Virtuous Woman*?——When Nature in the general Composition first brought Woman forth, like a flush'd Poet, ravish'd with his Fancy, with Extasy: The blest, the fair Production!——Methinks, my Friend, you relish not my Joy. What is the Cause?

Stand. Canst thou not guess?——What is the Bane of Man, and Scourge of Life, but *Woman*?——What is the Heathenish Idol Man sets up, and is damn'd for

worshipping? *Treacherous Woman:*——What are those whose Eyes, like Basilisks, shine beautiful for sure Destruction, whose Smiles are dangerous as the Grin of Fiends? But *false deluding Woman*——Woman, whose Composition inverts Humanity; their Body's Heavenly, but their Souls are Clay.

Wild. Come, come, Colonel, this is too much: I know your Wrongs receiv'd from *Lurewell*, may excuse your Resentments against her: But 'tis unpardonable to charge the Failings of a single Woman upon the whole Sex.——I have found one whose Virtues——

Beau. So have I, Sir *Harry*; I have found one whose Pride's above yielding to a Prince: And if Lying, Dissembling, Perjury and Falshood, be no Breaches in Woman's Honour, she's as innocent as Infancy.

Wild. Well, Colonel, I find your Opinion grows stronger by Opposition, I shall now therefore wave the Argument, and only beg you for this Day to make a Show of Complaisance at least——Here comes my Charming Bride.

Enter Darling *and* Angelica.

Beau. Saluting Angelica. I wish you, Madam, all the Joys of Love and Fortune.

Enter Clincher, junior.

Clin. Gentlemen and Ladies, I'm just upon the Spur, and have only a Minute to take my Leave.

Wild. Whither are you bound, Sir?

Clin. Bound, Sir? I'm going to the *Jubilee*, Sir.

Dark. Bless me, Cousin! How came ye by these Cloaths?

Clin. Cloaths! Ha, ha, ha, the rarest Jest! Ha, ha, ha; I shall burst, by *Jupiter Ammon*, I shall burst.

Dark. What's the Matter, Cousin?

Clin. The Matter; Ha, ha, ha: Why, an honest Porter, ha, ha, ha, has knock'd out my Brother's Brains, ha, ha, ha.

Wild. A very good Jest, i'faith, ha, ha, ha.

Clin.

Clin. Ay, Sir, but the best Jest of all is, he knock'd out his Brains with a Hammer, and so he is as dead as a Door-nail, ha, ha, ha.

Dark. And do you laugh, Wretch?

Clin. Laugh! ha, ha, ha. Let me see e'r a younger Brother in *England* that won't laugh at such a Jest.

Angel. You appear'd a very Sober, Pious Gentleman, some Hours ago.

Clin. Pshaw, I was a Fool then: But now, *Madam*, I'm a Wit: I can rake now.——As for your Part, *Madam*, you might have had me once:——But now, *Madam*, if you shou'd by chance fall to eating Chalk, or gnawing the Sheets, 'tis none of my Fault —Now, *Madam*——I have got an Estate, and I must go to the *Jubilee*.

Enter Clincher, Senior, *in a Blanket.*

Clin. sen. Must you so, Rogue, must you?——You will go to the *Jubilee*, will you?

Clin. jun. A Ghost, a Ghost——Send for the Dean and Chapter presently.

Clin. sen. A Ghost! no, no, Sirrah, I'm an Elder Brother, Rogue.

Clin. jun. I don't care a Farthing for that; I'm sure you're Dead in Law.

Clin. sen. Why so, Sirrah, why so?

Clin. jun. Because, Sir, I can get a Fellow to swear he knock'd out your Brains.

Wild. An odd way of swearing a Man out of his Life.

Clin. jun. Search him, Gentlemen, he has a deadly Scene about him.——

Clin. sen. Truly the Apprehension of Death may have made me favour a little——O Lord——Mr. Colonel! the Apprehension of him may make me favour worse, I'm afraid.

Clin. jun. In short, Sir, were you Ghost, or Brother, or Devil, I will go to the *Jubilee*, by *Jupiter Ammon*.

Stand. Go to the *Jubilee!* go to the *Bear-Garden*——The Travel of such Fools as you, doubly injures our Country; you expose our Native Follies, which ridicules us amongst Strangers, and return, fraught only with their Vices, which you vend here for Fashionable Gallantry; a Travelling Fool is as dangerous as a Home-bred Villain——Get ye to your Native Plough and Cart, converse with Animals like your selves, Sheep and Oxen; Men are Creatures you don't understand.

Wild. Let 'em alone, Colonel, their Folly will be now diverting. Come, Gentlemen, we'll dispute this Point some other Time; I hear some Fiddles Tuning; let's hear how they can entertain us: Be pleas'd to sit.

Here Singing and Dancing. After which a Servant *whispers* Wildair.

Wild. Madam, Shall I beg you to entertain the Company in the next Room for a Moment?

[*To* Darling.

Darl. With all my Heart——Come, Gentlemen.

[*Ex. Omnes but* Wild.

Wild. A Lady to enquire for me! Who can this be?

Enter Lurewell.

O, Madam, this Favour is beyond my Expectation, to come uninvited to Dance at my Wedding——What d'ye gaze at, *Madam?*

Lure. A *Monster*——if thou art Marry'd, thou'rt the most Perjur'd Wretch that e'er avouch'd Deceit.

Wild. Hey day! Why, *Madam*,——I'm sure I never swore to Marry you; I made indeed a slight Promise upon Condition of your granting me a small Favour, but you would not consent, you know.

Lure. How he upbraids me with my Shame——Can you deny your binding Vows when this appears a Witness 'gainst your Falshood. [*Shews a Ring.*] Methinks the *Motto* of this Sacred Pledge shou'd flash Confusion in

in your guilty Face——Read, read here the binding Words of *Love and Honour*; Words not unknown to your Perfidious Eyes——tho' utter Strangers to your Treacherous Heart.

Wild. The Woman's flark staring Mad, that's certain.

Lure. Was it maliciously design'd to let me find my Misery when past Redress; to let me know you, only to know you false——Had not cursed Chance show'd me the surprizing *Motto*, I had been happy——The first Knowledge I had of you was fatal to me, and this Second worse.

Wild. What the Devil's all this! *Madam*, I'm not at Leisure for Raillery at present; I have weighty Affairs upon my Hands; the Business of Pleasure; *Madam*, any other Time——

Lure. Stay, I conjure you, stay.

Wild. Faith, I can't, my Bride expects me; but, harkee, when the Honey-*Moon* is over, about a Month or Two hence, I may do you a small Favour. [*Exit.*

Lure. Grant me some wild Expressions, Heavens, or I shall burst——Woman's Weakness, Man's Falsehood, my own Shame, and Love's Disdain, at once swell up my Breast——Words, Words, or I shall burst. [*Going.*

Enter Standard.

Stand. Stay, *Madam*, you need not shun my Sight; for if you are perfect Woman, you have Confidence to out-face a Crime, and bear the Charge of Guilt without a Blush.

Lure. The Charge of Guilt! What, making a Fool of you? I've done't, and glory in the Act; the Height of Female Justice were to make you all hang or drown; dissembling to the Prejudice of Men is Virtue, and every Look, or Sign, or Smile, or Tear, that can deceive, is Meritorious.

Stand. Very pretty Principles truly——If there be Truth in Woman, 'tis now in thee——Come, *Madam*, you know that you're discover'd; and, being sensible, you can't escape, you wou'd now turn to Bay. That Ring, *Madam*, proclaims you Guilty.

Lure. O Monster, Villain, perfidious Villain! Has he told you?

Stand. I'll tell it you, and loudly too.

Lure. O, name it not——Yes, speak it out, 'tis so just a Punishment for putting Faith in Man, that I will bear it all; and let credulous Maids that trust their Honour to the Tongues of Men, thus hear their Shame proclaim'd——Speak now, what his busy Scandal, and your improving Malice both dare utter.

Stand. Your Falshood can't be reach'd by Malice, nor by Satyr; your Actions are the justest Libel on your Fame——Your Words, your Looks, your Tears, I did believe in spight of common Fame. Nay, 'gainst my own Eyes, I still maintain'd your Truth. I imagin'd *Wildair*'s boasting of your Favours, to be the pure Result of his own Vanity: At last he urg'd your taking Presents of him, as a convincing Proof of which, you Yesterday, from him, receiv'd that Ring——which Ring, that I might be sure he gave it, I lent him for that Purpose.

Lure. Ha! you lent him for that Purpose!

Stand. Yes, yes, *Madam*, I lent him for that Purpose——no denying it——I know it well, for I have worn it long, and desire you now, *Madam*, to restore it to the just Owner.

Lure. The just Owner; think Sir, think but of what Importance 'tis to own it; if you have Love and Honour in your Soul, 'tis there most justly yours; if not, you are a Robber, and have stol'n it basely.

Stand. Ha —— your Words, like meeting Flints, have struck a Light to show me something strange——But tell me instantly, is not your real Name *Manly*?

Lure. Answer me first, did not you receive this Ring about Twelve Years ago?

Stand. I did.

Lure. And were not you about that time entertain'd two Nights at the House of Sir *Oliver Manly* in *Oxfordshire*?

Stand.

Stand. I was, I was. [runs to her, and embraces her] The blest remembrance fires my Soul with Transport—— I know the rest,—— you are the charming She, and I the Happy Man.

Lure. How has blind Fortune stumbled on the right!— But where have you wander'd since? 'Twas cruel to forsake me.

Stand. The Particulars of my Fortune were too tedious now; but to discharge my self from the stain of Dishonour, I must tell you, that immediately upon my Return to the University, my Elder Brother and I quarrell'd; my Father, to prevent farther Mischief, posts me away to Travel; I writ to you from *London*, but fear the Letter came not to your Hands.

Lure. I never had the least Account of you by Letter or otherwise.

Stand. Three Years I lived abroad, and at my Return, found you were gone out of the Kingdom, tho' none cou'd tell me whither; missing you thus, I went to *Flanders*, serv'd my King 'till the Peace commenc'd; then fortunately going on Board at *Amsterdam*, one Ship transported us both to *England*. At the first sight I lov'd, tho' ignorant of the hidden Cause —— You may remember Madam, that talking once of Marriage, I told you I was engag'd; to your dear self I meant.

Lure. Then Men are still most Generous and Brave —— And to reward your Truth, an Estate of Three Thousand Pounds a Year waits your Acceptance; and if I can satisfy you in my past Conduct, and the Reasons that engag'd me to deceive all Men, I shall expect the honourable Performance of your Promise, and that you wou'd stay with me in *England*.

Stand. Stay! Not Fame, nor Glory, e're shall part us more. My Honour can be no where more concern'd than here.

Enter Wildair, Angelica, *both* Clinchers.

Oh, Sir *Harry*, Fortune has acted Miracles; the Story's strange and tedious, but all amounts to this; That Woman's Mind is charming as her Person, and I am made a Convert too to Beauty. *Wild.*

Wild. I wanted only this to make my Pleasure perfect.

Enter Smuggler.

Smug. So, Gentlemen and Ladies, is my Gracious Nephew *Vizard* among ye?

Wild. Sir, he dares not shew his Face among such Honourable Company; for your Gracious Nephew is——

Smug. What, Sir? Have a care what you say.

Wild. A Villain, Sir.

Smug. With all my Heart——I'll pardon you the beating me for that very Word. And pray, Sir *Harry*, when you see him next, tell him this News from me, that I have Disinherited him; that I will leave him as poor as a disbanded Quarter-Master. And this is the positive and stiff Resolution of Threescore and Ten; an Age that sticks as obstinately to its Purpose, as of the old Fashion of its Cloak.

Wild. You see, Madam, [*to* Angel.] how industriously Fortune has punish'd his Offence to you.

Angel. I can scarcely, Sir, reckon it an Offence, considering the happy Consequence of it.

Smug. O, Sir *Harry*, he's as Hypocritical——

Love. As your self, Mr. Alderman: How fares my good old Nurse, pray Sir?

Smug. O, Madam, I shall be even with you before I part with your Writings and Money, that I have in my hands.

Stand. A Word with you, Mr. Alderman. Do you know this Pocket-Book?

Smug. O Lord, it contains an Account of all my secret Practices in Trading. [*Aside.*] How came you by it, Sir.

Stand. Sir *Harry* here dusted it out of your Pocket at this Lady's House yesterday: It contains an Account of some secret Practices in your Merchandising; among the rest, the Counterpart of an Agreement with a Correspondent at *Bourdeaux*, about Transporting *French* Wine in *Spanish* Casks——Pish: return this Lady all her Writings, then I shall consider whether I shall lay your Proceedings before the Parliament or not, whose Justice will never suffer your Smuggling to go unpunish'd.

Smug.

Sung. O my poor Ship and Cargo!

Clin. Sen. Hark'ee, Master, you had as good come along with me to the *Jubilee* now.

Angel. Come, Mr. Alderman, for once let a Woman advise; Wou'd you be thought an Honest Man, banish Covetousness, that worst Gout of Age; Avarice is a poor pilfering Quality of the Soul, and will as certainly Cheat, as a Thief wou'd steal —— Wou'd you be thought a Reformer of the Times, be less severe in your Censures, less rigid in your Precepts, and more strict in your Example.

Wild. Right, Madam, Virtue flows freer from Inclination, than Compulsion; of which, Colonel, your Conversion and mine are just Examples.

In vain are musty Morals taught in Schools,
By Rigid Teachers, and as Rigid Rules;
Where Virtue, with a frowning Aspect stands,
And frights the Pupil from its rough Commands.
But Woman ——
Charming Woman, can true Converts make,
We love the Precepts for the Teachers sake.
Virtue in them appears so bright, so gay,
We hear with Transport, and with Pride obey.

EPILOGUE

Spoken by Mr. *Wilks*.

NOW all depart, each his reſpective Way,
To ſpend an Evening's Chat upon the Play;
Some to Hippolito's; one homeward goes,
And one, with loving She, retires to th' Roſe:
The Amorous Pair, to all things frank and free,
Perhaps may ſave the Play, in Number Three.
The tearing Spark, if Phillis ought gainſays,
Breaks th' Drawer's Head, kicks her, and murders Bays.
To Coffee ſome retreat to ſave their Pockets,
Others more generous damn the Play at Locket's.
But there, I hope, the Author's Fears are vain.
Malice ne're ſtalks in generous Champaign.
That Poet merits an ignoble Death,
Who fears to fall over a brave Monſtrous.
The Privilege of Wine we only aſk,
You'll taſte again, before you damn the Flask.
Our Author fears not you; but thoſe he may,
Who, in cold Blood, murder a Man in Tea.
Thoſe Men of Spleen, who found the World ſhould know it,
Sit down, and for their Two-Pence damn a Poet.
Their Criticiſm's good, that we can ſay ſo't,
They underſtand a Play——but will to ſay ſo't.
From Box to Stage, from Stage to Box they run,
First ſteal the Play, then damn it when they've done.
But now to know what Fate may us befall,
Among our Friends in Cornhill and Change-alley.
But thoſe I think have but one Rule for Plays;
They'll ſay they're good, if ſo the World ſays.
If it ſhould pleaſe them, and their Spouſes know it,
They ſtraight enquire what kind of Man's the Poet.

B

EPILOGUE.

But from Side-Box we dread a fearful Doom,
All the good-natur'd Beaux are gone to Rome.
The Ladies Cenſure I'd almoſt forgot,
Then for a Line or two I engage their Vote:
But that ways old, below our Author's Aim,
To leſs than his whole Play is Compliment to them.
For their ſakes then the Play can't miſs ſucceeding,
Tho' Critick may want Wit, They have good Breeding.
They wont, I'm ſure, forfeit the Ladies Graces,
By ſhewing their ill-nature in their Faces.
Our Epilogue, with good Manners may be done,
Flatter us here, and damn us when you've gone.

FINIS.

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